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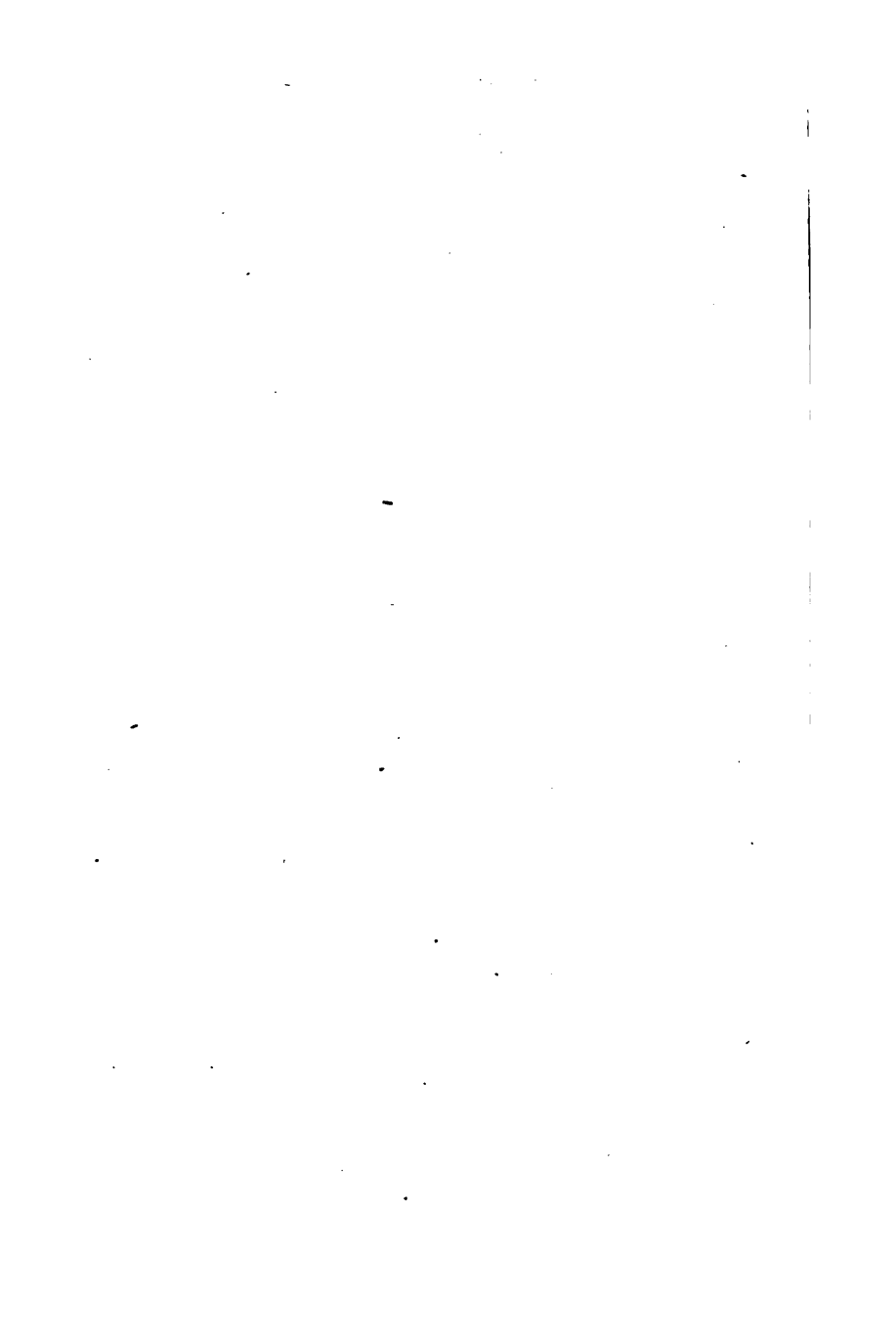


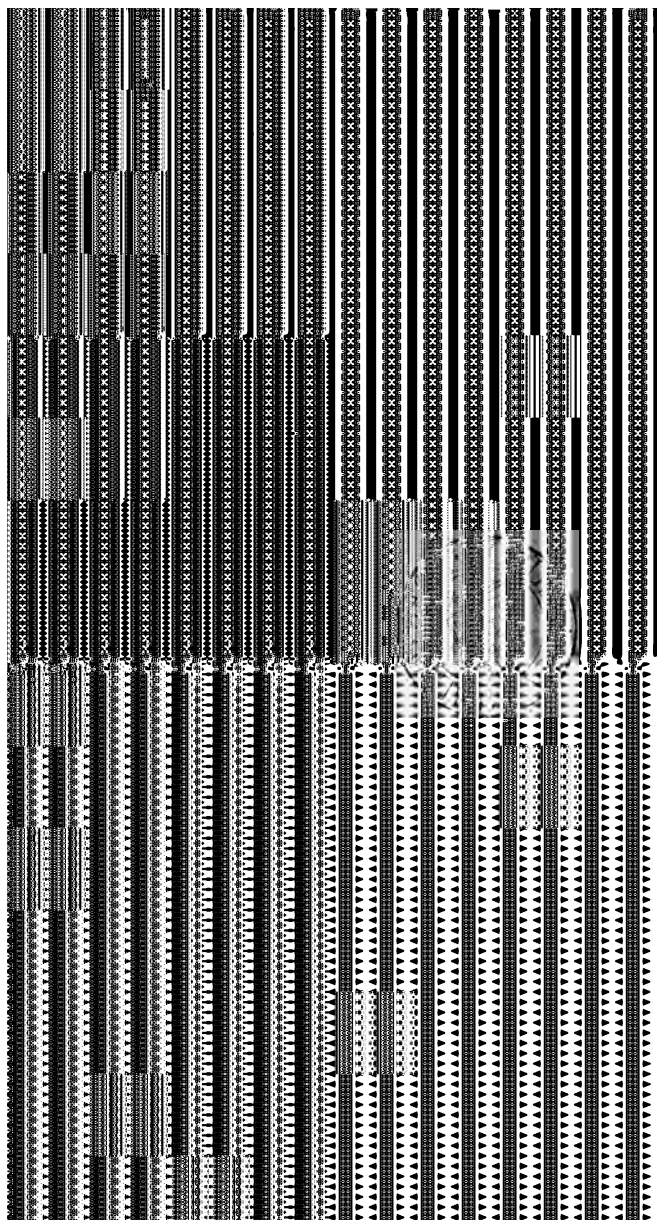


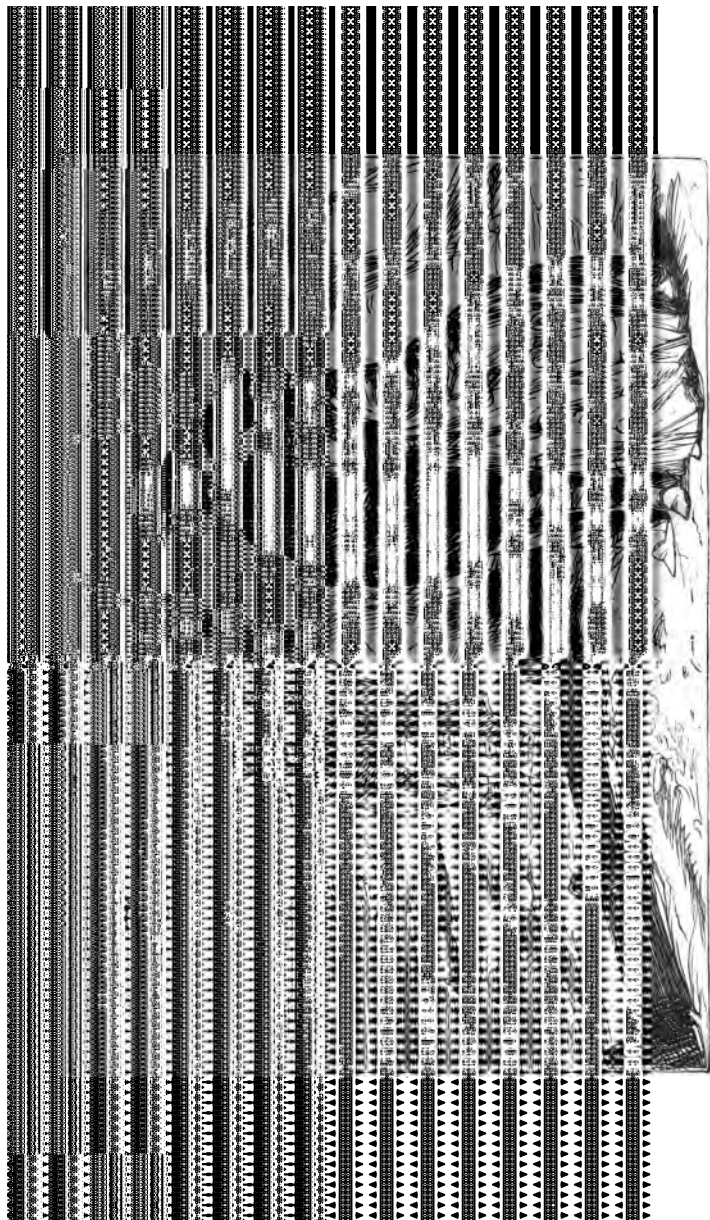
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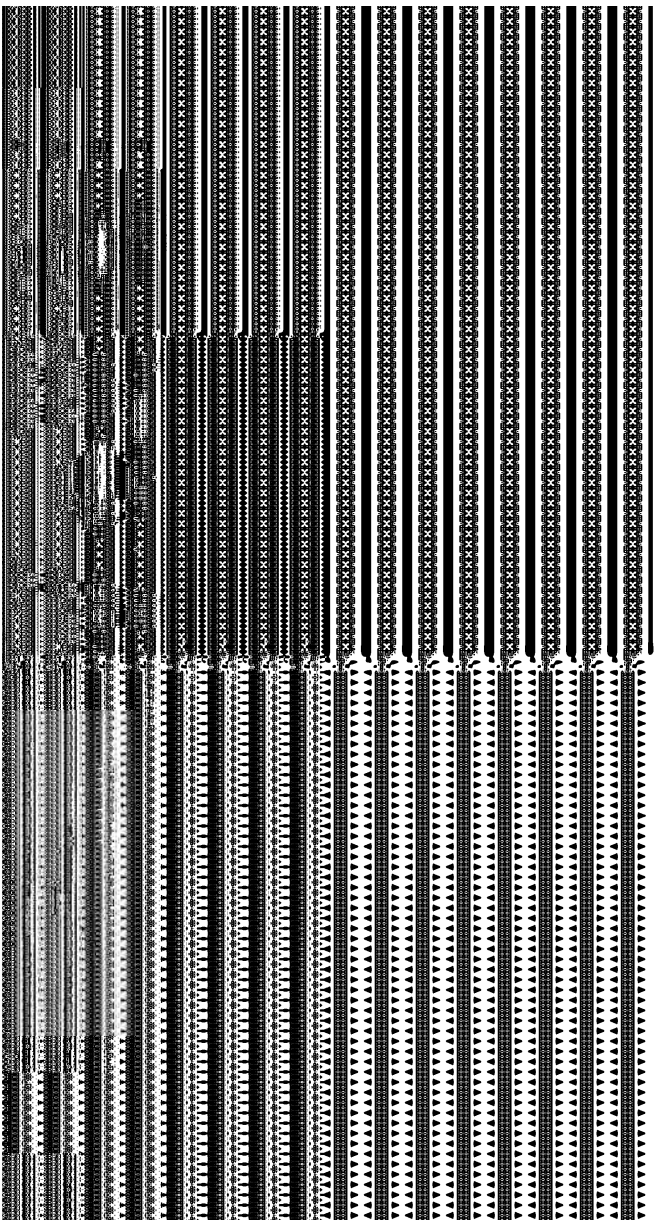




MY OWN HONEYMOON.



40



THE HONEYMOON.

BY

ALFRED W. COLE.

Author.—This Volume doth the honied moon present ;
Myself the Man i' th' Moon do seem to be.

Ill-natured Critic.—It appears, by his small light of discretion,
that he is in the wane.

Midsommer Night's Dream (Slightly altered.)



LONDON :

JAMES BLACKWOOD, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1855.

249.3.367.

TO

The Unmarried Ladies of England,

THIS LITTLE WORK

IS INSCRIBED BY ONE WHO WISHES THEM EACH

“A HONEYMOON.”

P R E F A C E.

NOVELS and comedies generally end with a wedding. The former occasionally include a "tag," in which it is announced that husband and wife lived happily to the end of their days, and were blessed with a numerous progeny—such odd notions of happiness do novelists possess!

In this little volume the author has set the above respectable precedents at naught; he has broken through "Routine" as determinedly as the most violent reformer could desire, and instead of making a wedding the climax of his stories, he has used it only as their starting-point. It appears to him quite a mistake to suppose that Honeymoons are all alike, or that all of them strictly deserve the name of *la lune de miel*. He has sketched a few varieties of them truthfully, if not ably, in the desire of pleasing all classes of readers, but especially the fairer portion of them. Whether that object will be attained time and the public must decide.

There is nothing tragic in any of these tales,—Heaven forbid that there should be in the Honeymoon!—but occasionally there is something that is serious, as in every phase of life clouds will alternate with sunshine. But altogether the critics are more likely to find fault with the preponderance of the humorous, or as the grave among them invariably designate it when suffering from ill-humour or indigestion, "the frivolous." This is a fault which the young and light-hearted will readily pardon: if there be graver errors (and doubtless there are many), the author can only offer his apology for them, and bow meekly to the rod which shall chastise him. In the few years of his literary life, it has been his good fortune to gain more than his fair share of praise from reviewers: and if, at times, they have complained that he is not sufficiently serious, he has, at least, the consolation of knowing that he has never penned a line which youth and innocence need blush to read.

And now, in committing this little volume to the hands of his readers, the author sincerely trusts it may not disappoint the expectations of any of them, but that each one whose eye glances over these pages may find in them a little of the honey of pleasure to sweeten the bitter cup of every-day life.

London, April, 1855.

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THE HONEYMOON.

MY OWN HONEYMOON.

THE travelling carriage, with the four greys, was packed; the post-boys were impatient; the crowd outside the door was vociferous; the bride was tearful; the bridesmaids were tender; the papa was pathetic, and the mamma lachrymose; the hall-door was wide open; a sudden rush through it—the bride is in the carriage, the bridegroom is by her side; up go the steps, bang goes the door; “Hooray!” shouts the crowd; “God bless you!” says papa; crack go the postilions’ whips, round spin the wheels—and we are off on our wedding tour.

We? Yes—I and my bride. And let me tell you (if you are a miserable unmarried animal) that it is a monstrously singular sensation—that of finding yourself a bridegroom. I have had a tolerably ex-

tensive experience of sensations in my lifetime. I have been made a human target by a score of armed savages, with nothing to rely on for escape but my horse's heels. I have been face to face with wild beasts in the desert, *my* gun or *their* jaws having to settle accounts between us. I have slept, and on waking found a deadly snake lying on my body. I have been shipwrecked and heard the cry, "We are all lost!" ringing in my ears. I have sunk exhausted in swimming the broad river, felt the water gurgling in my throat and nostrils, and then been seized by the strong hand of a strong swimmer and rescued from the jaws of death. I have heard the bullet, accidentally fired, whiz close to my ear. I have lost my way in the trackless wilderness. I have known sorrows too deep and too sacred to tell to the world. In short, I have had as many events and hazards crammed into the period of my existence as might furnish forth the lives of half a dozen heroes (speaking in the three-volume-novel sense of the word), and yet I repeat that the strangest, most exciting, perplexing, incomprehensible sensation I ever experienced, was caused by finding myself in the chariot with the four greys—a bridegroom!

Look at the dear girl by your side, sobbing because she is leaving parents, home, friends, all that is dear to her save yourself. And you are taking her away ;

it is you who are causing the mental pain that makes those tears to flow so copiously. Don't you feel yourself to be just the least bit of a brute? Don't you think you must have a nasty, hard, insensible heart, when you are not weeping yourself? At all events you feel awkward; what are you to say? You begin some wretched twaddle about undying affection, which is to compensate for the sacrifice she is making; you whisper a great deal of nonsense into the ear of the poor little trembler: you steal your arm round her waist, look lovingly into her face, and if you have reached the open country, and are out of the gaze of impertinent starers, you venture to ———. There; she will be better now, you think, vain egotist that you are. Well, perhaps you are right; she is better; she dries her tears, looks trustingly, if timidly, into your eyes—a look that you will never forget if you live to the age of Methuselah; listens, pleased, to what you say; answers in something beyond monosyllables; and by the time you have done the first ten miles, and your four greys are exchanged for a couple of seedy hays, you begin to feel a man again, and grow accustomed to the odd sensation of being—a bridegroom.

But I must not go on generalizing, like a speech of Mr. Gladstone's, when I have to tell a story about two particular individuals—my bride and myself.

There is nothing very remarkable, perhaps, in the history of my honeymoon, and yet it had some queer scenes and odd *contretemps* in it that had better be recorded for the information and amusement of an enlightened public. I have told all about the start with the four greys—those very indispensable four greys without which no lady would fancy that she had been properly married. Fancy a pair of bays, or browns, or chestnuts, or roans—you might just as well suggest that the bride should wear a wreath of red roses instead of orthodox orange flowers.

We reached the end of our first day's journey, a distance of about thirty-five miles, in safety.

"Bring the luggage into the house, Bob," said I to my faithful servant.

"Yes, sir."

"Now, are you sure it's all right?" I asked.

"Well, I'm afraid it *isn't*, sir;" replied Bob, scratching his head and looking uncomfortable.

"What's the matter?" said I.

"I don't see *your* luggage nowhere, sir," answered Bob.

"What! my luggage lost!" I exclaimed.

"I don't remember as ever we brought it with us at all," suggested Bob.

"Do you mean to say," I cried, "that I have

actually come here with nothing but the clothes I stand upright in?"

Bob was afraid that such was the melancholy fact, and if Bob was not terribly inclined to grin, I am vastly mistaken, though he certainly tried to keep a properly dolorous expression of face.

"What's the matter, dear?" said my bride, who came to us in alarm at my absence.

I told her, and she positively smiled—no, she did more, she burst out laughing. Hereupon Bob began to giggle also, while I, divided between indignation and annoyance, and the desire to laugh too, I looked the very picture of irresolution.

"You must go back to London at once, sir, by the railway, and bring my things down; it's only four miles to the station, and it will do you good and serve you right to walk it."

Bob went, but it turned out to be utterly impossible for Bob to get back to me the same evening, and so I had to depend on my landlord's wardrobe to furnish me with a few indispensables.

Next day, Bob having duly returned with my baggage, we completed our journey to the quiet little sea-side place on the south coast, where we intended to pass our honeymoon. As a general rule I detest quiet little places altogether. I regard them as the most wretched, wearying, soul-consuming,

intellect-dulling localities in the world. Life in the great city—life on the broad ocean—life in the wilderness—life on the mountains—all these I can understand and enjoy; but to settle down in a little dull hole of a country town, seeing the same stupid faces every day, the same empty street, the same formal houses, the same utter stagnation for ever around you—can any human being, with a spirit or a mind above the level of a dormouse's intellect, really like to pass his time thus? Yet you find people who live always in such places happy and contented; who know no other excitement than that which market-day and Mrs. Jones's tea-table scandal afford them; who fondly imagine their town a place of importance, and themselves enlightened British men and women. Heaven forbid they should be undeceived, for have they not that which is the least attainable of earthly blessings—contentment?

Our quiet little place, however, was on the sea-coast, and who can be dull beside the ocean? Dull, indeed! who can be dull in the honeymoon? I am not quite so sure on this point. It strikes me that many a source of evil in the future of married life has been laid by a dull honeymoon. Two young people, very fond of one another, but with no very expanded intellects, loving, but not gifted with many mental resources, go and shut themselves up for

three or four weeks, utterly secluded from the rest of the world, and depending entirely on each other for amusement. They have a capital opportunity of gauging each other's minds, tempers, and dispositions, it is true: but may not the estimate thus formed be a little below what they had fondly believed in during the golden dream of courtship? May not the *désillusion* come a little too suddenly on them? Might it not be better that the little defects should come out more gradually? Besides, what is more trying to temper and disposition than idleness and monotony? Grant all the charms of being alone for the first time with the being you adore—of feeling that she, or he, is now really yours—that nothing save death can henceforth part you—grant all the sweets of the honey in profusion, but, after all, one cannot live long on sugar; and I verily believe that nine couples out of ten find a month of such food a trifle too much—but of course they don't confess it. I would strongly recommend a trip to Paris or Vienna, with plenty of letters of introduction, in preference to all the quiet little places in the world, as a mode of spending the honeymoon.

But Julia and I were not like the rest of the world. Julia was so sensible—not a “blue” in the least degree, for she knew nothing of Greek, Latin, mathematics, metaphysics, or “classics” in general

— she was simply a well-educated, clever, an thoroughly feminine specimen of her sex. Resources? Why she could play, and sing, and talk, like an angel. No matter what the subject might be, whatever remarks she made were original and *àpropos*; she had the best tact in the world, and talent is not worth much without that essential accompaniment. No chance of my ever being bored in her company; though I conversed with her for about fourteen hours out of every twenty-four during the whole four weeks of the honeymoon, the conversation was as lively, fresh, and varied on the last day as on the first. The quiet little watering place was the very locality to draw out all the charms of such a mind as hers, and I was infinitely more in love with her at the end of the month than at its commencement.

And yet I was very nearly shooting her and committing suicide during my honeymoon!

Deliberately, too, and not unintentionally, as you are, perchance, surmising.

You see that I am coming to the story at last. Let me rest awhile ere I plunge into it.

* * * * *

He was a dark-haired man, with a great deal of whiskers and moustache—a handsome fellow, too,

though I should not have admitted it at the time. But what right had he to be for ever looking at Julia?

Now I would not for the world have asked Julia if she observed him. She did not seem to do so, but the women are so very—very clever in these matters. Not once did I catch her glance turned on him—never did I see his anywhere but fixed on her face, except when it met mine; then it was a frank, bold, straightforward look, certainly; but when Julia was the object it was so diabolically tender that I had a great deal of difficulty in restraining myself from catching him by the throat and strangling him on the spot, or perishing in the attempt—for he certainly was a fine, powerful, young fellow.

It is *not* agreeable, when spending the honeymoon, to find a man eternally dogging your steps and showing unfeigned admiration for your bride. Very gratifying, no doubt, to see that she is admired; but then it may be done in a quiet and inoffensive way, which was not the case in the present instance. On the beach early in the morning, strolling, arm-in-arm, to pick up shells, and talk about everything delightful,—dark-haired man, with big whiskers and moustache, sure to be there also. Afternoon drive round the pretty lanes in the

neighbourhood in the hotel fly, or, occasionally, the four-wheeled gig, with the brown horse that had so long a tail that he was always whisking it over the reins when I drove him, and then showed vicious symptoms of putting back his ears and designing to kick. Admiring lovely scenery—wishing life for ever could flow like a river, all poetry, passion, sentiment, and enjoyment,—talking over arrangements for future domestic bliss—thanking Heaven we were united to be severed no more — and dark-haired man, with big whiskers and moustache, riding a fat pony and passing us, and being passed by us, every five minutes on the road.

“Hang the fellow—confound him!”

“What’s the matter, Edward, dear?” cries Julia in alarm at my vehemence.

“That dark-haired brute,” said I, half surly.

“Which?” she asked most innocently.

“Now, do you mean to tell me, Julia, dearest, that you have not observed that big-bearded fellow, who is always dogging our steps, and looking so admiringly at you?”

“Indeed I have not, dear—but what does it matter?”

“Matter! hang the fellow, I’ll knock him down, or kick him, or something of the sort, before long.”

“Oh, Edward, dear, you will frighten me to

death, if you talk like that. The man has never annoyed me, or I should have complained; I have never even observed him to my recollection. Indeed, dear, you must be under some delusion about him."

"Nothing of the sort," I replied; "I tell you that wherever we go, that man goes also, and he stares at you as if—as if—yes, hang it, just as if he were in love with you. I really wonder you have not noticed it. I can't think where your eyes can be?" I added rather pettishly.

"Perhaps I have none for any person but one," suggested Julia, in a gentle voice, and with such a sweet smile, that I felt like a self-convicted wretch for having spoken with a particle of ill temper, and I besought her pardon. She gave it, and I sealed it—who needs to be told *how*?

After this it was evident that Julia *did* observe the stranger. But the oddest thing was, that as soon as she began to notice him he kept comparatively out of the way. It struck me that he was either a very deep fellow who was playing a game that I could not understand, or that he was a great deal more modest than I gave him credit for being.

"He's very handsome," said Julia, when she had looked at him.

"Humph! matter of taste; I don't think so," said I.

"My dear Edward, his features are extremely good; he certainly is rather bronzed, but his hair is magnificent."

"Really you are quite struck," I remarked, rather sharply; "a case of mutual attraction evidently."

Julia looked at me, looked straight and steadily into my eyes, and burst into tears. What a brute I was! I felt that I deserved six months' imprisonment and hard labour as much as any wife-beater in the kingdom. What could I do? To confess myself a wretch—to entreat pardon—to talk incoherently—to put my arm round her waist—to promise never to hurt her feelings again—these, and a thousand similar things were matters of course. But poor Julia, though quite forgiving, was evidently wounded by that unjust speech; I knew it, and felt proportionately miserable at having uttered it.

After this little scene, I perceived that Julia made a point of never looking at the dark man, though she could not help seeing him and being conscious of his presence, which, however, he troubled us with less frequently than of yore.

One day I had been out for an early walk alone, Julia had a headache, and I begged her to remain at home. I did not like my walk at all, it was so lonely after having become accustomed to the little hand resting on my arm, and the silvery voice ring-

ing in my ear. Besides this, I was uneasy in my mind, though for no cause that I could divine. I was oppressed by a kind of restlessness that seemed to forbode evil; I fancied all kinds of misfortunes that might befall me, ridiculously improbable as they all were. Above all, Julia was mixed up in all these disagreeable waking dreams.

"I'll go home again," I said to myself; "I won't walk any further;" and I turned back and re-traced my steps to the hotel.

To my great surprise I found Julia in such extremely good spirits that I could not conceive what had happened. Had she received any letter with wonderfully good news? No. She only looked very knowing when I asked her what it meant, and told me that I must hold my tongue and put no more questions to her. Now, vexed and out of spirits as I was, this did not please me; but I resolved to show no annoyance if I could help it—so we sat down to luncheon and talked together much as usual.

"Would you like to take a drive this afternoon, dear?" I asked.

"No, dear, I would rather not; you can go, of course, if you please, but do excuse me to-day; you shall know why when you come back."

Not exactly satisfactory this, I thought to myself;

and it was odd to see how constantly Julia was running to the window to-day. Altogether, it struck me that some kind of change had come over her, though I could scarcely tell what it was. I confess that I felt out of humour; I determined to show that I could do without her society for a time; so I ordered the four-wheeled chaise, with the inconveniently long-tailed horse, and told Bob to accompany me.

I drove along several lanes and bye-roads, one of our favourite drives. I tried to admire the scenery, and to take an interest in it, all without effect. I had already become a regular married man, and could not be happy apart from Julia.

Bob was an old servant of mine, and privileged to talk to his master more than servants generally do. Bob saw that I was out of spirits, and so he good-naturedly tried to amuse me.

"Very handsome gentleman that is, sir, with the moostarchers," observed Bob.

"Don't think so," replied I, rather annoyed at Bob's choice of a subject for conversation.

"Rayther too much hair about him, certainly," said Bob; "have you knowed him long, sir?"

"I know him—I don't know him at all, and I don't wish to know him," replied I, indignantly.

"He's only missus's friend, then, I suppose," said Bob; "I ax pardon, sir."

"Only *what*!" I exclaimed: "What the devil do you mean, sir?"

"Beg pardon, sir, but I don't ezactly know what *you* mean," said Bob, who looked quite puzzled.

"What do you mean by calling that man a friend of your mistress?" I asked, angrily.

"Well, I showed him up to her to-day, sir," said Bob.

"Showed him up to her!" I screamed.

"And he stayed with her I should say about half-an-hour," continued Bob.

"You're lying, sir," I roared out; "do you dare to trifle with me in this way?"

"'Scuse me, Mr. Edward, sir, but I've served you faithful, and I know my place. I wouldn't go to take a liberty with your feelings on no account, and I wouldn't tell you anything but gospel truth; though if so be as I had known that there was anything secret about this dark-haired gentleman, in course I could have held my tongue."

"Go on, Bob—go on," said I, feeling sick and faint; "tell me all about it."

"It ain't much, sir," said Bob; "the dark gentleman he comes when you was out this morning, and he asks if my missus is at home, and I says, 'Yes';

and then he says, 'Show me up, I want to see her,' and I shows him up. Missus looks very surprised, but he shuts the door, and I know no more—except that about half an hour afterwards he comes out, looking very happy, and smiling, and he gets on the fat pony and gallops off on the western road."

Is it necessary for me to attempt a description of my feelings at this moment? Can any one doubt what they were? Does any one breathe who could fancy me in any other state than one bordering on madness?

I suppose the long-tailed horse never was turned so short round before as I turned him then; and that the four-wheeled chaise never had a closer chance of an upset. I lashed the horse and made him go back towards the hotel at a full gallop. Bob was frightened out of his wits, and thought me clearly insane; the people on the road took me to be drunk—no matter what any one thought. My brain was on fire, my heart was bursting—oh, the agony, the cruel, fearful agony I endured, while the one thought uppermost in my mind, and crushing down all other sensations, was, "Vengeance—vengeance!"

I reached the hotel; but, maddened as I was, I had the forethought not to drive up to the front door, in sight of our window. I entered through the yard; I crept quietly up stairs to my bed-room,

she was *not* there, thank God. How I longed, and how I dreaded to meet her! How thankful I was for a few minutes' respite!

I am naturally a sober man—I have never been drunk in my life; but I think I realized the sensation of one species of intoxication at this moment. My head was all giddy and throbbing as though the blood vessels must give way; yet I went deliberately, though scarcely consciously, about my horrible work. I opened my trunk; I took from it a pistol case, a beautiful pair of small pocket pistols; I loaded them carefully, and placed them side by side in the breast pocket of my coat. I opened my desk and took up a packet of letters—they were all Julia's. I sealed them up and wrote on them, "to be burnt unopened." I glanced at her miniature—I did not shed a tear, nor feel one rising—I looked coldly and fixedly at it, and rubbed off a little speck that was on the glass; I thought the colour of the hair just one trifle too light—and yet I confessed that the picture was well done—I laid it down but did not cover it up. I took a sheet of paper, wrote a few lines, sealed it, and addressed it to my father. I closed my desk and descended to our sitting-room.

Hush! My hand is almost on the handle of the door when the tones of Julia's merriest laugh meet my ear. Then there are the deep tones of a man's

voice, and he calls her, "Julia." It is he!—now for revenge! Again she speaks to him, so cheerfully, so merrily, so innocently it seems, that a strange sickness again comes over me and paralyses the fierce passion that had been working in my mind. What was I going to do? Gracious Heaven, what? Listen again—that is *not* the voice of guilt. Yet *he* is there. Be still, O fiend, that would prompt the horrible intent again: be still.

What is the trembling that comes over me? It is conscience—the horrible conscience of what my own thoughts had been—the certainty that I was misled. Vengeance? No, no, it is pardon I must ask now of my own heart, and gain it not.

Back to my bed-room I crept stealthily, lest I should attract the notice of any one; carefully I drew the charges from the pistols and re-placed them in their case; again I opened the desk, tore up the letter to my father and ripped the cover off the packet of Julia's letters—and the portrait—I took it and kissed it, and looked into the beautiful eyes and asked how I could doubt their truth, and fell on my knees and prayed forgiveness for my wicked suspicion—and I rose up, and with my whole heart and soul I knew that she was innocent, and was ready to stake life and eternity on her truth, even though the stranger was at this moment by her side and I knew him not.

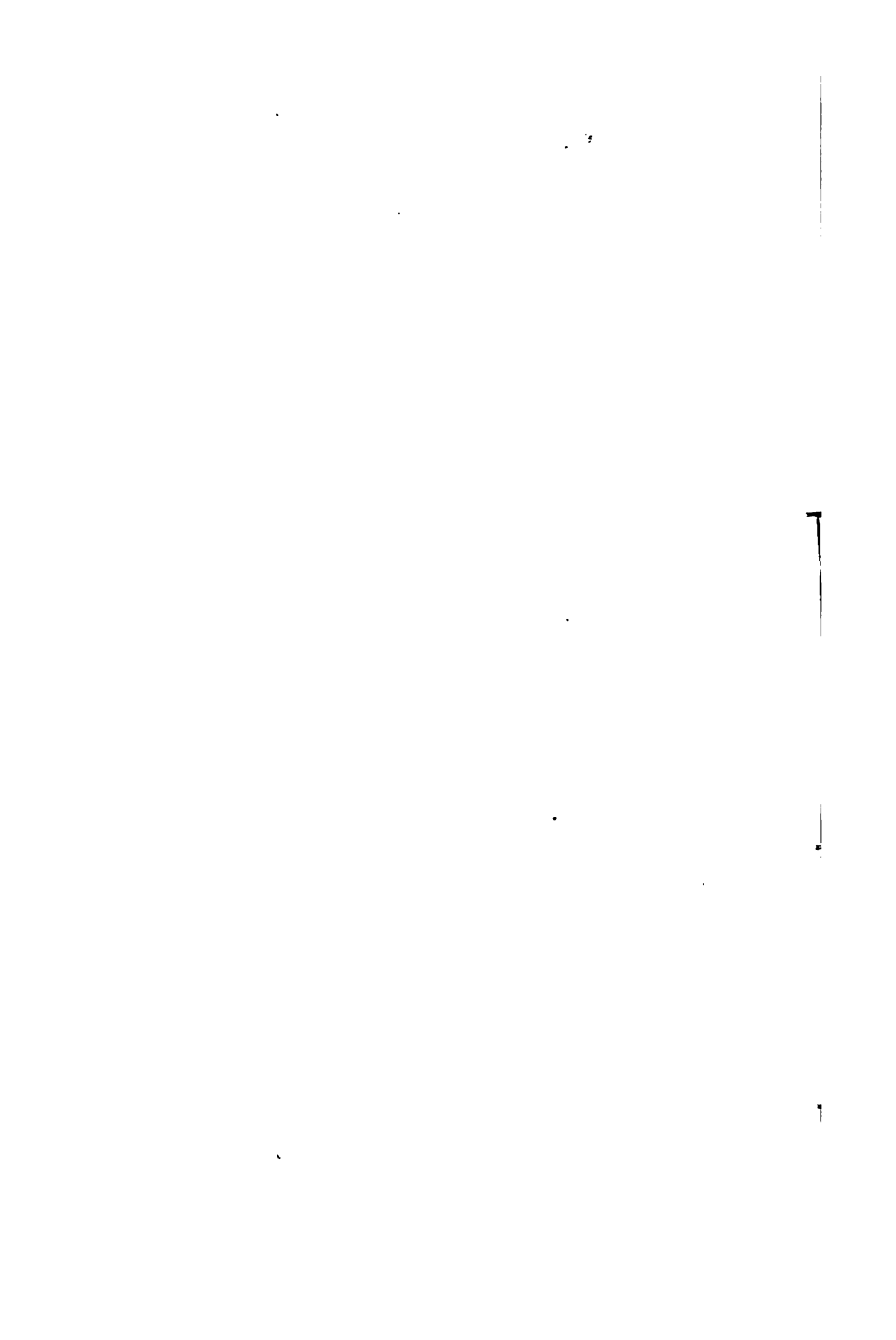
And now that I had made atonement in my heart I again descended, firmly and without fear, to the sitting-room.

I opened the door—Julia sprang up to greet and to kiss me, and pointing to the dark-haired stranger, cried out—

“My long-lost brother Fred from Australia!”

“Pardon me,” said Fred, “for having made a great goose of myself for some days. The truth is, that I reached home just after Julia’s marriage to yourself. I heard where you were staying, and I could not resist coming down to see you. Then, when I caught sight of you, and found how completely my sister had forgotten me, I resolved to amuse myself by retaining my incognito for a few days. I came to make myself known this morning, but you were out—I returned this afternoon to give *you* a surprise, and here I am. Rather a mad freak of mine, I fear—but there’s no harm done.”

None, indeed, but——. Well, well, I have a secret I have never confessed to my wife—a crime I have never forgiven to myself. The reader is entrusted with it who has read this little history of “My own Honeymoon.”



A CLOUDED HONEYMOON.

NEVER had the course of love run less smoothly than in the case of Mr. Demetrius O'Sullivan and Miss Lydia Smith. Every obstacle that parental tyranny could interpose between ardent lovers and the altar was ruthlessly thrown in the way by Mr. Job Smith, the father of the lovely Lydia. Every obstacle but one—the only one which would have been effectual—viz.—but no—the nature of that obstacle must be learnt by the perusal of this story, and if the reader have any curiosity, he will, after this announcement, go steadily on till he has discovered the secret.

We have said that all the impediments, threats, arguments, entreaties, indignation, authority, which were adopted proved of no avail. Mr. Demetrius O'Sullivan was not a man to be turned aside by such things. What! should the lineal descendant of Phœnician kings care a fig for the denunciations of a wholesale grocer like Job Smith? Should the

owner of the broad acres of the Ballinamachree estates, which were situated somewhere between the Irish Channel and the Atlantic, but a closer geographical description whereof we shall not attempt to give,—should he be deterred from the purpose of marrying Lydia Smith, with her lovely eyes, her pretty ringlets, and her fortune, variously estimated at from five to fifty thousand pounds; because, forsooth, that very unimportant, underbred, and straightforward individual, her papa, did not approve of the step? No one who has the slightest acquaintance with the gentlemen from the emerald isle, with the extraordinary pedigrees and still more extraordinary estates (both of which are occasionally of parchment only), can hesitate to give a decided negative to such preposterous questions.

Mr. Demetrius O'Sullivan did marry Miss Lydia Smith. He took a lodging somewhere beyond Mile End, had the banns duly published in his parish church there, married her one fine morning in the same edifice, took a couple of second class tickets for Paris, and started to the gay capital of France with a very small stock of baggage, a capital of seven pounds fifteen shillings sterling in his pocket, and the pleasant consciousness of having bagged an heiress.

Before starting, however, he dropped into the post office a letter, which reached Mr. Job Smith on his

return home to dinner the same evening, and which ran thus:—

“ My dear Sir,

“ By the time this note reaches your hands, your lovely and accomplished daughter will be Mrs. Demetrius O’Sullivan. We’ll be married all right, never fear, none of your Gretna Green jobs, but a regular Church of England and Ireland affair. Now I don’t wish to hurt your feelings: it is not your own fault that your father sold baked potatoes, and yourself swept an office, as I am told you did; but you *must see* the advantage to your family of connecting itself with the O’Sullivans of Ballinamachree, the best blood in Ireland, that came in the lineal male line direct from the Phœnician kings, that you’d have read of in the classics if your father had sent you to Trinity College, Dublin, instead of making you sweep offices; though, seeing he sold the baked potatoes, how was he to do it, poor fellow? Well, you can’t deny the great good it will do your daughter and yourself that you’re the wife and the father-in-law of a real gentleman—the thing’s as plain as Nelson’s pillar in Sackville Street. That being the case, it follows that you should evince your gratitude in a gentlemanly way. You must not mind me telling you how, because the devil’s in it if a man mayn’t take a little liberty with his

father-in-law. You know, as I've told you, that the Ballinamachree estates have somehow got a good deal encumbered. My ancestors kept their horses and their hounds, and their open houses as gentlemen should do; but things, as you know, have gone badly in Ireland, and it's not easy to set them right again. What *you* might do is just to lay out a few thousands in paying off the charges, and settling us—that is, your lovely and accomplished daughter and myself—comfortably going on our own estates. I'll be happy to make a handsome settlement on her for pin-money and younger children. As a man of the world you'll think over this quietly, and I dare say you'll let me hear favourably about it in a day or two. We're off to Paris, and 'Poste Restante' there will find us. By-the-bye, perhaps you will give me the particulars of Lydia's own little independence, as I don't wish to tease the dear girl about it just yet. I'm told it's a good many thousands, but I'm really not an avaricious man.

“Your affectionate son-in-law,

“DEMETRIUS O'SULLIVAN,

“Of Ballinamachree.

“To Job Smith, Esq.

“P.S. I shall draw on you in Paris for £50, we can settle it any way you please on our return.”

When Mr. Job Smith read this letter he swore a little; he rang the bell and asked the alarmed servants all kinds of questions about his runaway daughter; he threatened to pack the whole of them out of his house; he growled over his dinner from the soup to the cheese; he drank his port more quickly and freely than usual, and at about the fourth glass he muttered:

"I can't help it; the thing's done; as she has made her bed she must lie on it."

After which ominous words he took up the evening paper and read it till he fell asleep. He woke up, sighed, because she, "sole daughter of his house," was not there to wake him, and went to bed.

"He's a queer chap, is your daddy, my darling," said O'Sullivan to his bride, as, three days afterwards, they sat at breakfast in their Parisian hotel; "a mighty queer chap not to answer the civil letter I sent him."

"I'm afraid he'll *never* forgive me," answered poor Lydia with tears in her eyes.

"Forgive you, is it?" cried the indignant bridegroom; "and what's he to forgive you for? Is it an injury you've done him by marrying a gentleman, and bringing the real old Phœnician blood into his baked potato family, begging your pardon for saying

so, Lydia, darling, but it is not *your* fault what your grandfather was."

"Is it anybody's fault?" asked Lydia, gently, yet reproachfully.

"Well, I don't know that it is," replied Demetrius, rather ashamed of himself; "but sure you'll own that there's no harm in having a real good pedigree, darling?"

"I don't wish to underrate that because I don't possess it myself," said Lydia; "but my father does not think of that; he'll only think of my disobedience."

"And the more shame of him then to make you disobedient," was the bridegroom's reply; "why didn't he give his consent when he was asked for it civilly?"

"Because —" she hesitated.

"Go on, darling," said her husband.

"Because, although your family is so excellent, Demetrius, my father thinks you too—too—too poor to support a wife."

"Then why didn't he settle that by making me rich? But never mind, my dear girl; with what we've got between us, we'll do. Now I'm just going out to see O'Rafferty, that I told you is living over here, and I'll be back to you in an hour, my little angel."

And giving his bride a hearty kiss, and sticking his hat jauntingly on his head, Mr. O'Sullivan left the room and the hotel.

"What an enthusiastic creature he is!" sighed Lydia when she was left alone. "He will look at the bright side of everything. But what can he mean by talking of what we have between us? can he suppose—but he does not know what he is saying sometimes, I believe. No matter; there never was a nobler heart than dear Demetrius possesses, I'm confident."

The lucky subject of this eulogy strutted along on his way to his friend's abode the very picture of light-heartedness and self-complacency. He had married a pretty girl, a good girl, and a rich one; what could he want more? The Ballinamashree estates were certainly mortgaged to their full value, and something beyond it; but the mortgages might be paid off somehow or other, and if they were not, he could do without the estates, as after all he had got what he cared most for, the *name* of being their owner.

Demetrius O'Sullivan was not altogether a bad fellow, though he was a long way from being a good man. He was something of an adventurer, but not a downright unscrupulous, unconscientious one: thus he would never have made love to the pretty

Lydia if he had not heard that she had a good fortune, and was sole daughter of a rich city man. On the other hand, having secured her hand, he would not, under any circumstances, have ill-treated her, either by robbing her of her fortune, showing her unkindness, or neglecting her. He was one of those strange mixtures of good and evil, that if you looked at his character from one point of view you would pronounce him everything that was shocking; while, from another point, you might fill up a catalogue of his virtues that would make you own him to be a favourable specimen of human nature. The mischief and danger of such characters arise from their being so entirely guided by circumstances, that if the wrong wind catches their sails they will run on the rocks instantaneously, the rudder of principle and the tiller of conscience being utterly wanting to steer them.

"Phelim, my boy, how are you?" cried O'Sullivan, entering his friend's apartments, which consisted of one chamber about seven stories from the ground, in a house in the Rue St. Denis.

"And is it yourself, Demetrius?" exclaimed his friend. "Who would have thought of seeing you here? When did you arrive?"

"A couple of days ago, with my wife."

"Phew!" whistled Mr. O'Rafferty; "married! the Lord have mercy on you!"

"Yes; married to the only daughter of Job Smith, the wholesale grocer, who's as well known, I fancy, on 'Change, in the city of London, as most men."

"Phew!" whistled O'Rafferty, again, but accompanying his whistle this time with a smile of admiration at his friend's talents in securing such a prize. "Did the governor consent?"

"Not a bit of it," replied O'Sullivan; "but that doesn't matter. Lydia has got a nice little sum of her own; and as she's the only child, old Job must come round soon."

"Just so," assented Phelim.

"I'm drawing on him for a fifty—just now," said O'Sullivan, "for I came away with a light pocket and by the way, as you live in this place, perhaps you can tell me who'll give me the cash for it, as I want some to-day."

"To be sure I will. I know the very man."

And who could doubt him? Who could doubt that an Irish gentleman living on a seventh floor in Paris, or a third ditto in London, knew where to get a bill done, if there were the slightest earthly value attaching to the bit of paper in question? One of these gentlemen was once heard to confess, that

all he cared to know of any place in the world where he might take up his abode was, where the nearest public-house, pawnbroker, and bill discounter were to be found. Without them, he could not live a week—with them, what more could he desire?

In a very few minutes, therefore, the friends were closeted with a Hebrew, who knew well the name of Job Smith, and who, on O'Sullivan's producing his marriage certificate with his only daughter, consented to give him the money for his draft on that gentleman. Mr. O'Sullivan having pocketed the money returned in high spirits to his bride.

Lydia received him with smiles, for was not Lydia happy? Married to the man she loved, and for whom she had sacrificed every thing, she was supremely so; for the more a woman suffers for a man, the better she loves him. If we hate those most whom we have injured worst, assuredly we must love those on whom we have lavished the greatest care and tenderness. True as this is of all, it is especially so of women.

It was not easy to be low spirited in the company of Mr. Demetrius O'Sullivan. The man was like a good bottle of champagne, which keeps creaming, and frothing, and sparkling, while inferior liquids are getting flat. But Lydia found him unusually gay to-day, so that she could not account for it.

She knew nothing of the bill he had just drawn, and even if she had, she would have failed to understand the wonderfully exciting effect produced by a few coins and bank notes in the pockets of an Irish gentleman accustomed to a state of emptiness.

They dined that day at *Trois Frères Provençaux*—oh, that we could dine there every day! Phelim O'Rafferty joined them—in the dinner, but not the expense of it, for Phelim seldom had cash or credit enough for a repast at the great restaurant, but usually contented himself with a *dîner à 1f. 50c.* in another part of the Palais Royal. It is, however, always a clearly understood rule among gentlemen who draw and accept accommodation bills, that a man who is successful in getting one of these pieces of paper discounted is bound to “stand” a dinner to his less fortunate brethren. [§] Therefore, Phil took his dinner with Mr. and Mrs. O'Sullivan, more as a matter of right than if he were an invited guest in the ordinary way.

Lydia found O'Rafferty very amusing; but not exactly to her taste. He was clever, entertaining, and good humoured; but there was a tone of slang about the man—not alone in his words, but in his thoughts, and his mode of looking at every subject—that was almost revolting to her. Did she not perceive a little of the same quality in her husband?

Possibly: but then she was less critical in his case, and also, it must be confessed, that O'Sullivan was a great improvement on his friend.

"Little Moses handed out the tin like a man—now, didn't he?" asked O'Rafferty, when he was tasting the second bottle of champagne.

O'Sullivan gave him a kick under the table that made him wince.

"Then, I'm sure Mrs. O'Sullivan will forgive me for talking about tin, when I ought to say money," went on O'Rafferty. He imagined that the kick was bestowed on him for talking slang. "But *did* you ever see a man do a bill more readily?" he asked.

Lydia glanced at O'Sullivan, and O'Sullivan swallowed a glass of champagne so quickly as almost to choke himself. He also dealt O'Rafferty another kick under the table. This time the hint was comprehended.

"You see, my dear madam," said O'Rafferty, addressing Lydia; "I can't always get my rents over from Ireland when I want them, so I'm obliged occasionally to get a little loan in advance of them, and to-day I did that same. Your good husband accompanied me, and he was astonished to see how quickly the little Jew handed me over the money. Now, he thinks I ought to be ashamed to

confess to such a thing as borrowing money; but I'm not; for if the agent *won't* send my rents, what am I to do?"

Lydia smiled, and O'Sullivan looked grateful.

After a bottle of Romanée, they parted with O'Rafferty and went to their hotel.

"Is that story true, dear, that Mr. O'Rafferty told me?" asked Lydia when they were alone.

Now the words were simple enough, and simply uttered. Under most circumstances O'Sullivan would not have hesitated to answer "Yes," seeing that he wished her to believe O'Rafferty's version of the affair. But there is something very touching in the tones of a young wife asking you a simple question seriously and earnestly. Will you tell her a falsehood? Will you begin a course of deception which must infallibly lead to the destruction of all mutual confidence, reliance, happiness? Be sure that you will be committing a fearful sin if you fail to answer boldly and honestly the truth.

O'Sullivan looked at his wife—their eyes met; how truthful and how earnest were hers—how his own quailed beneath their glance, gentle and trusting and loving as it was. He hesitated—but only for a moment.

"The devil take me, then, Lydia, darling," he exclaimed, "if I tell you a falsehood. O'Rafferty's

story was *not* true, though he invented it to serve me. It was *I* that got the money, for I was cleaned out, and I drew for a fifty on your father."

Lydia started when she heard this intelligence, but she thanked her husband for telling her the truth.

"But, my dear Demetrius, he will never pay that bill."

This was unpleasant to hear, but O'Sullivan did not believe it. "The old boy must come round," &c., &c.

Two days later Mr. Moses was announced. Mr. Moses walked in with a considerably elongated visage.

"Well, Moses, what's the matter?" asked O'Sullivan, with an unpleasant presentiment on the subject.

"You have deceived me, sar," cried little Moses, foaming away—"the bill is returned, not paid, dishonoured, sar."

"The deuce it is!" exclaimed O'Sullivan.

"I knew it," cried Lydia.

"Give me back my monish," screamed Moses.

"I've spent half of it," said O'Sullivan.

Lydia cried, Moses swore, O'Sullivan swaggered.

"It 'll be all right in a day or two," he said, "leave me to settle the old boy."

"You shall leave me to settle *you*," replied Moses, swinging out of the room.

"We're lost!" said Lydia, and she sobbed bitterly.

"For a dirty fifty pounds?" cried O'Sullivan; "not a bit of it—it's nothing at all, my darling; so don't trouble your little heart about it."

Nevertheless, within three hours afterwards Mr. O'Sullivan was between two gentlemen, who requested the melancholy pleasure of escorting him to the *prison pour dettes* in the Rue de Clichy. Lydia was almost in hysterics, and O'Sullivan divided between pity and grief for her, and violent indignation against Mr. Moses.

A bride of one week and her husband a prisoner! Such was the case of poor Lydia. It would have been very romantic and not unnatural that she should have screamed, and raved, and almost lost her senses; but Lydia was a true woman, with a woman's constancy, courage, and wonderful power of bearing up against trials and misfortunes. The first shock over, and she was calm and collected. The characters of husband and wife seemed reversed; it was *he* who was now despondent and cowed; *she* who was courageous and even cheerful.

"Never mind, dearest; where you go I will follow, and better fortune will wait on us sooner or later."

So saying she kissed his forehead, and turning

to the men who were waiting, she said, "We are ready."

* * * * *

"Any how, darling, we can draw on your fortune," said O'Sullivan, "though I didn't want to touch that, or say anything to you about it till we returned to England."

"Mine! my fortune!" exclaimed Lydia in surprise, "I have none!"

"What! none?" asked O'Sullivan.

"None; none;" she cried.

"Phew!" went O'Sullivan, letting off a long breath.

"Oh Heaven!" ejaculated Lydia: "you have deceived yourself. You fancied you were marrying a fortune. I have nothing. You will hate me now. Oh mercy, mercy!" and the poor little bride sobbed as if her heart would break.

O'Sullivan caught her in his arms, and all his better nature came into full play.

"Hang the fortune; I don't care for it, and sure I don't deserve it. The prison too; what does it matter? Haven't I got the best wife on the face of the wide earth? and what matters anything else? God bless you, my girl, and we won't say a word more about it. I'm a miserable brute—at least I *have* been—to be thinking about dirty gold when it's

about yourself alone I ought to have thought; but you'll forgive me—I know you will, because you're so good and so gentle. I've gained what I didn't deserve, and it's nothing less than everlasting confusion I'll merit if I ever care for anything but you and you alone—there now!”

And the Irishman hugged his bride, with a vigour that would have done honour to a young bear, and pretty Lydia smiled through her tears; and there was more true happiness in the hearts of both at that moment than either had ever known before—aye, even though it lighted on them in a prison.

Next morning Lydia was late in coming to the prison, and poor O'Sullivan troubled his mind not a little. He wondered whether she would desert him now—and then he felt inclined to break his own head for the suspicion. He thought she might be ill, and he could not be with her. She might even die—and he groaned and wept like a child. Was not the excitement she had gone through enough to stretch a weak woman on a bed of sickness? And how might she be cared for? He stalked up and down his room and cursed his own folly and wickedness.

At length there is a light tap at his door—he opens it—he sees his young wife, who springs into his arms, her face all smiles, and exclaims—

“Joy! joy! free,—free!”

"How? what? has he paid the bill?" cried O'Sullivan in amaze.

"Not *he* but *I*," replied Lydia, smiling and looking merry and mysterious.

"You!"

"I shan't answer any questions yet," said Lydia. "Wait till we leave this horrid place and then you shall know all."

The prison was soon quitted and they entered a *fiacre*.

"Hotel ——" began O'Sullivan.

"No, no," cried Lydia interrupting him. "Drive to Rue de l'Université, No. ——. We have left the hotel, dearest—it is too expensive, and we must be economical. I have engaged a little lodging which I hope you will like."

And in a state of placid wonder O'Sullivan sank back, and they drove to their new lodging. Arriving there, Lydia was very anxious to know what O'Sullivan thought of it—he was delighted with everything, but most of all was he enraptured with his wife.

"Now for my story," said Lydia: "sit there and listen. You recollect Minette that used to wait on us at the hotel. Well, when I went back there I called her and asked her what I could do, for I felt so helpless yet so anxious. 'Has madam any

jewels?' asked Minette. 'Yes,' I answered, 'a few.' 'Madam can get money on them at the Mont de Piété,' said Minette. And then Minette explained to me all about that place, and so I asked Minette to take me there, and she did; I took my brooch, and my bracelets, and my ear-rings, and they let me have 2000 francs, and then I was so overjoyed that I would have given the world to rush to you, and tell you all about it; but it was too late that evening. Then this morning they told me I must go to that horrid little Moses, and I did so, and they kept me waiting there so long, and then we had all sorts of forms to go through, and I thought I should never be able to come and say, 'You are free.'"

And here Lydia burst into tears, and O'Sullivan kissed her, and swore she was a real thorough-bred angel. And Lydia handed him the rest of the money, but he would not take it; on the contrary, he gave her all he had but twenty francs, and he declared he would never have any more in his own pocket.

And they were indeed happy. Out of sorrow came real bliss to them. Had their "Honeymoon" been the usual tame, sugary one, where would have been the husband's admiration, gratitude, and love? where the wife's devotion, courage, and constancy?

From that day forth no happier and no more devoted pair existed, and as the "old boy" *did* come round after a few more weeks, they were as prosperous as they could have wished to be.

A SHOCKING DISCOVERY DURING THE HONEYMOON.

IN a railway carriage, the *Coupé* seat, were three individuals. One of them was a lady, with a very pretty face and a few orange blossoms inside her bonnet. She was a bride of three weeks and a half standing; and on her right sat her husband, a bluff manly looking fellow with black whiskers, a hearty laugh, and a good set of teeth to display in his hilarity. On the left of the bride sat her brother-in-law, a remarkable contrast to the husband; for he was a sleek, plump, oily sort of fellow, with an eye and a mouth that denoted a keen relish for all the good things of this naughty world.

They were travelling on the South Wales Line making their way to the town of Carmarthen, to spend a few days with a friend in the neighbourhood.

"Is this your first visit to Wales, Jones?" asked the bridegroom.

"Yes; never was in Wales before," was the reply.

"I believe the scenery is beautiful," observed the bride.

"Capital woodcock shooting," remarked her husband.

"Very pretty girls, I hear," said Jones.

"What right have you to trouble your head about *that*?" asked the bride.

"He's always looking after them," said her husband.

"Not half so much as *you*, Mr. Bridegroom," retorted Jones.

"Don't believe a word he says," whispered the husband to his pretty wife, as she looked inquiringly at him when this speech was made.

"You know you are," continued Jones, who was determined to provoke his sister-in-law if he could. "You've stared all the chambermaids out of countenance on our way down here."

"Oh, Robert!" exclaimed the bride, addressing her husband; "did you really do such an abominable thing?"

"My dear girl, how can you ask such a question? Jones knows he can't defend himself, and so he pretends to attack me."

"Well, to tell you the truth," said the bride, "I believe that Jones prefers a good dinner to a pretty face."

"Quite right," assented Jones with a fat smile, "only wish I could see the former now, for I'm frightfully hungry."

"What! after all those sandwiches and bottled stout?"

"The sandwiches were mere wafers," growled Jones; "and as for bottled stout I don't know anything that gives a man such an appetite."

Husband and wife laughed, and Jones went to sleep, looking like the fat boy in "Pickwick."

Considering that Jones is asleep, and therefore the bride and bridegroom virtually left alone, we won't look into the carriage any more till the train reaches the Carmarthen station, when Jones gets a dozen pokes in the ribs from his friend's umbrella, wakes up with a great yawn, and tumbles out on to the platform, when he is at once seized by some of the party they are about to visit; the host in the meantime paying his attentions to the bride and bridegroom.

After the usual delightful confusion about luggage, inseparable from English railway travelling and utterly unknown on the continent, the party enter two of the carriages in waiting for them, and drive merrily off to the cottage near the town where they are about to stay for some time.

Here the bride and bridegroom are delighted with

the aspect of the place, and the charming room, with the lovely prospect from its windows, assigned to themselves; while Jones approaches the height of felicity as the dinner is announced, and turns out to be an excellent one. After dinner the host, who is of a good old fashioned school, makes the wine circulate freely, and everybody is in good humour when they bid one another good night.

"What very nice people," says the bride.

"Excellent wine he gave us," says the husband, who is something of a *connoisseur*.

"Capital feeding 'in this house, at all events," remarks Jones to himself, as he puts on his nightcap.

And now light slumbers visit all the household.

* * * * *

Mr. and Mrs. Chadwick (for such is the name of our bride and bridegroom) are very well matched, because they are perfectly unlike. Does the reader consider this a paradox? It is not so; for he may be sure that such dissimilarity is one of the main secrets of matrimonial felicity. Two people of precisely the same temperaments, tastes, habits, and pursuits, must infallibly bore one another to death when bound in the tight chains of wedded life. "Sweets to the sweet," is a bad recipe for marriage; rather let sweet and acid, bitter and mild, blend together as in good punch, and the draught

will be far pleasanter than one compounded of homogeneous liquids. A slow, heavy husband, of a bilious temperament, requires a quick, lively wife to keep him awake; if he has one like himself they will settle down into a couple of dreary misanthropists. On the other hand, an energetic, bustling, sanguine, unquiet fellow, wants a corrective in the form of a moderately sedate wife, or they would both wear out souls and bodies in six months. The grand requisite is that the contrast of character should not be extreme; there must be points of resemblance, but not a downright similarity. If there be nothing in common between them they are liable to pursue separate courses, which occasionally lead to more serious "separations." But we must quit this little digression, especially as we by no means write this little volume as a lecture, or collection of lectures, on matrimony. Suffice it to say that while there was much of the bilious (we borrow the physiologists' ugly phrase) and something of the lymphatic on the side of Mr. Chadwick, there was an abundance of the sanguine and the nervous on that of his pretty wife.

"Well,—now what do you think of Wales, Mrs. Chadwick?" asked their host after they had been staying a few days at his home.

"I cannot tell whether I may judge from so

favourable a specimen as I have seen of it," was the reply; "because your house and grounds are so charming, and you make every one about you so comfortable, that it would be strange if I did *not* like it."

"You're very kind to say so: but what do you say to the scenery?"

"It is not so grand as I expected."

"It has no pretensions to any such quality," he replied: "you must go to North Wales for noble scenery."

"But I doubt if you'll get such good shooting there," observed Chadwick.

"These woodcocks are splendid," chimed in Jones, who was a tolerable shot, but who never fired at a bird without thinking of how it would taste when cooked.

"Our neighbours are agreeable people," said the host, seeing that no one followed up Jones' gustative remark: "but I don't think you'd like the Welsh squirearchy generally. I must confess they think a great deal more of themselves than the rest of the world does of them. It is quite natural, however; because they are really people of good old families whose ancestors have lived for centuries on the property they possess, and that gives them a pride of birth; while the very confined state of society in

which they live prevents any expansion of mind and more liberal and enlightened ideas on such subjects. They are not at all inhospitable, but they do like their guest to know who his grandfather was, and have a strong prejudice against city men of fortune."

"The peasantry seem an odd set," remarked Chadwick; "such a mixture of simplicity and cunning, honesty and roguery, religious sentiments and lax morals."

"Yes; it's not easy for strangers to understand them."

"By the bye," said Jones, who had finished the woodcock: "it's evidently a great mistake to suppose that Welsh peasant girls are pretty. I haven't seen one with the slightest pretensions to beauty."

"Nor I," said Chadwick.

"Nor I," said his wife; not sorry perhaps to agree with him on this point.

"They are not *generally* pretty, I agree," replied the host; "but I think I could show you one or two that you'd pronounce extremely so."

"Pray do," cried Jones.

"By all means," chimed in Mr. Chadwick.

"Oh, certainly!" said Mrs. Chadwick, though we are not certain whether she really gave her assent as heartily as the two gentlemen.

"There's Peggy Roberts, dear, that lives at our friend Piggott's," said the host, addressing his own wife: "I'm sure any one would allow her to be a pretty girl."

"She's *very* pretty," assented his wife.

"Well, then, suppose we all drive over to see Piggott the day after to-morrow?"

"Agreed," cried every one.

* * * * *

The next day, after a due slaughter of game by Messrs. Chadwick, Jones, and their host, the three gentlemen were entering the house, when the hostess met them and told her husband that, strangely enough, Peggy Roberts had come over from Mr. Piggott's with a large basket of pears, and was at that moment in the kitchen.

"Let's see her," cried Jones.

"Oh, yes, let's see her," cried Chadwick, preparing to rush at once to the kitchen.

"Stay a moment, gentlemen," said the host. "I must tell you that Peggy is a very good, modest, little girl, and, upon my word, I hope you will treat her as such; besides which, she doesn't speak a word of English, so that all your fine London-made compliments will be thrown away."

"Ah, we'll behave properly," cried Jones.

"Allow me to accompany you, at all events,"

observed the host, with a peculiar glance at his wife, which the good lady returned, and then went up stairs.

The three gentlemen went to the kitchen, where they found Peggy Roberts sitting with a very big basket on her knees. And certainly Peggy Roberts *was* a pretty girl; and besides, her beauty was set off by the neat coquettish way in which her round black hat was worn, and the short plaid woollen petticoat left her ankles clearly visible, and they were extremely pretty ones, while her foot would have been shown with pride by any duchess in the land.

"Devilish pretty," remarked Chadwick, as Peggy got up and bobbed a curtsy.

"A stunner!" said Jones, eyeing her very much as he did the woodcocks on the toast, when the cover was removed.

"Can't she understand English?" asked Chadwick. "I should like to have a chat with her."

"Not a word," said the host.

"Lor' bless you, sir," cried the cook, who was present, and seemed to take great pride in Peggy; "she couldn't speak a blessed word of anything but Welsh, to save her life."

The host left the kitchen, and cook was busy with the preparing dinner.

"I say, Jones, I should like to have a kiss," whispered Chadwick—the shocking bridegroom!

"I mean to have one," replied Jones, smacking his lips.

"You'll get a smack on the face if you do," said Chadwick.

"I don't believe it—in fact, I'll bet you I don't," answered Jones.

"Done! I'll bet you five shillings—a sovereign—that if you kiss her, she smacks your face, or boxes your ears, or claws you, or something of the sort."

"I'll take the bet," said Jones, "and you'll soon see." And here Mr. Jones ran his pudgy fingers through his light hair, and gave a fishy look towards Peggy Roberts, who kept her eyes demurely fixed on the ground.

"You're a very pretty girl," said Jones. "I say, cook, just tell her that in Welsh."

"You mustn't talk that way to her, if you please, sir; or I'm afraid master 'll be angry."

Nevertheless, cook muttered something in Welsh, at which Peggy smiled a little, and hung her head down.

"Do you think she'd mind me giving her a kiss, cook?—just ask her."

"Lawk a mercy," cried cook, "I daren't ask her such a thing."

Still cook went and whispered something to Peggy, and it seemed as if Peggy was not quite so indignant as was to have been expected.

Jones, therefore, took courage, and approaching pretty Peggy, he whispered to her a little (forgetting, of course, that she did not understand English), till gradually bringing his face to a level with hers he gave her a rather hearty kiss. Peggy only moved briskly on her seat, as if to hide a blush, but she did not otherwise resent Mr. Jones's gallantry.

"You owe me a sovereign," he said, addressing Chadwick.

"Well; I'll be shot if I would have believed it," said Chadwick. "I verily believe she likes it. I don't see why *I* should not have one, I'm sure,—so here goes."

"Lor, sir, what *will* your missus say?" cried cook.

"Nonsense; it won't hurt her, and what will she know about it?" said Chadwick, proceeding at the same moment to bestow the kiss on Peggy. As he did so he received a tremendous box on the ear that made his head spin, while Peggy, jumping up, rushed out of the kitchen.

"Won't there be a row!" cried cook.

Chadwick had a painful presentiment that there would.

* * * * *

It was a long time before the sinful bridegroom mustered courage enough to go up stairs. Could his misdeed have travelled there? to his wife's ears? How his own tingled! What should he do if she found him out?

Poor Chadwick!

After some deliberation he made up his mind to go up to his dressing-room and prepare for dinner, instead of entering the drawing-room, where he guessed his wife to be. He was an unusually long time in getting ready—so long, indeed, that the second dinner-bell rang before he descended the stairs, and when he entered the drawing-room the company had all gone to dinner.

He made his way to the dining-room, putting on an easy swagger and feeling like a sentenced thief. Everybody looked grave as he entered the room; but where was his wife?

"Where's Arabella?" he asked.

"Have you not seen her?" said the hostess gravely.

"No; where is she?"

"She is lying down in her bed-room; she does

not feel well enough to come to dinner," was the reply.

"Bless me! is she ill? what's the matter?" inquired the anxious and alarmed bridegroom.

"She has heard something which has shocked her greatly," said the hostess.

"You'd better go and see," said Jones, with a significant look, as he gulped a mouthful of soup.

Chadwick left the room.

He mounted the stairs very slowly, cursing Jones and his own folly, and tattling people, and Peggy Roberts, and all the rest of the Welsh nation together. As he laid his hand on the handle of the bed-room door he could hear his own heart beat, and felt almost giddy.

"Come in," said a faint voice in answer to his knock; and he opened the door and closed it after him, and approached his bride, and whispered,

"My dear one, are you not well?"

"Go away!" was the bride's answer.

"My dear girl, what is the matter?" he said insinuatingly.

"Leave me! you are a base, cruel, bad, deceitful man. Oh that I had never left papa and mamma!" and here the bride sobbed very audibly.

"It was that d——d fellow Jones," cried Chadwick, who really did not know what else to say.

"Don't speak like that! It was your own wickedness. I see well what is in store for *me*;—but no; we must separate. I cannot and will not live with such a man."

"My dearest Arabella, don't talk like that, unless you want to break my heart. It was a mere piece of nonsense—just a silly bet about the girl; and then—and then—bah! a little ugly thing after all."

"*You* didn't think so at all events," cried his wife, with wonderful asperity at this point.

"Well, she certainly was not bad-looking; but, my dear girl, really I did nothing; some silly chattering people have been telling you falsehoods just to make mischief."

"No one has told me anything at all, sir; I saw it with my own eyes," cried the lady.

"You—why—how——"

"*I am Peggy Roberts!*" she exclaimed. "Yes, sir! It was before your own wife, dressed in disguise, that you misconducted yourself;" and she threw herself back on the bed and cried again.

"The devil!" exclaimed Chadwick.

After running the matter quickly over in his mind, thinking what a goose he must have been never to have found out the "sell," recollecting that they certainly were his wife's features, wondering

whether he could make up any decent excuse, he said with the coolest assurance :—

“And do you really suppose I didn’t know it? Do you really believe that I was deceived? Do you really think——”

The bride jumped up in violent indignation.

“How dare you, sir, attempt to add falsehood to all your other baseness? You know that you did *not* recognise me—that you really took me to be Peggy Roberts, a Welsh girl—and that you, a man not married a month, actually kissed a peasant girl because she had a pretty face.”

“Exactly so,” said Chadwick, after a short pause, and beginning to see his way more clearly now. “Exactly so; because she had a pretty, a lovely, a matchless face;” and here he looked hard at his wife, who pouted and turned away, and was very angry, though just a trifle less so than she had been.

“Nay, my dearest Arabella, you must hear me. I am going to confess the truth. I did *not* know you. I thought you were Peggy Roberts—and what a fool I was to make such a mistake! Yet Nature was right after all. I felt an irresistible impulse to kiss you—an impulse I could not account for, as I have never before felt it towards any one but yourself. It is explained now, because *it was* yourself. True, I should have resisted it, but I

could not, and I will even say more—I firmly believe I never *shall* be able to resist it whenever I see anyone so perfectly beautiful—so entirely like you—so completely yourself, and *yourself alone!*”

And thus saying, and gradually drawing nearer to his wife, he slipped his arm round her waist, bent his face over her, and —— did *not* get his ears boxed.

A few more poutings, gradually relaxing into smiles—a few more pretty speeches and ardent promises—and Mr. and Mrs. Chadwick descended together to the dining-room, happy, good-humoured, and satisfied.

Henceforth they have never had a quarrel, and Mrs. Chadwick never now refers to that which was at the time undoubtedly “A Shocking Discovery.”

A SUSPICIOUS CASE.

THREE weeks had passed since Miss Ellen Tomkins had been transformed into Mrs. Robert Robertson. Three weeks had elapsed since she stood in St. Mary's Church, Islington, in a white lace dress, with an indescribably airy-looking white bonnet, and those pretty orange blossoms inside it, contrasting so nicely with the pink roses of her own cheeks (which, by the way, were of rather paler hue than usual), and with a supply of we-don't-know-how many gauzy pocket-handkerchiefs, to dry up the tears that flow so determinedly on those melancholy occasions. It was three weeks since her stout papa, well-known on 'Change, and at Garraway's about lunch-time, gave her away at the altar; since her papa-in-law made that touching, novel, and eloquent speech at the wedding-breakfast, as he proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom, and his emotions were so strong that they smothered all his h's; since her dear Robert (familiarily called by his facetious ac-

quaintances "triple-bob") handed her into the blue brougham, with grey horses, which had been hired from the best livery stable in the parish, though the driver unfortunately became almost as "groggy" as his horse's fore-legs, and drove her off to the South-Western Railway station, *en route* to Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight, to spend the honeymoon.

Three lovely weeks they had been ; not only in reference to the weather, but to her own feelings. Sunshine without, and sunshine in her heart. Surely there had never been a more devoted husband, since Adam swallowed the apple to oblige Eve, than her own dear Robert had proved. She would not be single again for the wide world ; she never knew what happiness was till now ; she could not imagine what married people found to quarrel about ; they must be very unlike herself and Robert. Ah ! what a delightful world it was, after all.

They had returned home to Brixton earlier than they had intended, as Bob had pressing business calling him to town. Anything more charming than their "dear little villa" she could not imagine. There was the pretty little garden in front, with the half-moon of grass-plat, bounded by the carriage-sweep, which made a little semicircle from one white five-barred gate to the other.

There was the beautiful flower garden behind; and a little patch beyond it planted with vegetables and fruit, not forgetting a cucumber-frame and a strawberry-bed. There was the dining-room in front, the exquisite little drawing-room behind, with the coloured glass conservatory out of it; and the breakfast-room, dignified with the name of "the library," because it had a glass book-case in it, containing seventy-eight volumes of very miscellaneous works.

But above and beyond all—beyond all the beauties of her miniature paradise, there was her "darling Robert," so contented, so happy, so healthy, so kind, and so cheerful.

Ellen was pouring out the coffee, for it was breakfast time. Her husband (how strange it seemed to her to say the word at first!) was reading the "Times." It is rather unfortunate, we fear, but husbands *will* read the "Times" at breakfast; and they have a habit of not attending to what is said to them during its perusal, which is slightly—just the least bit in the world—provoking. But then it was very important to Robert to look at the "Times," of course, to see what causes were in the paper for the day (for Bob is an attorney), and so forth. So Ellen did not *object* to Robert reading the "Times" at breakfast—not in the least—only it was a pity

that he did sometimes, while doing so, answer her without the slightest relevance to the question she had asked him.

"Do you think it will be fine to-day, dear?" asked Ellen.

"Down at eleven and a half," said Robert.

"What, dear? the barometer?"

"Eh—what?—Eastern Counties, dearest."

"What *can* you be talking about, Robert, darling?" exclaimed Ellen, with the faintest tinge of annoyance in her tone. "I am asking you about the weather."

"I beg your pardon, Nelly, dear—yes, very nasty weather." And so saying, Bob was hard at work on the Eastern question, munching his toast and sipping his coffee mechanically at the same time.

Ellen felt a little bit disposed to cry, but the disposition only lasted half a minute. "Poor fellow!" she thought, "it is a shame to disturb him while he is reading; besides, he is obliged to do it. I am sure he would rather talk to me than pore over that stupid paper."

So Ellen went on with her breakfast and spoke no more, at least for a time.

By degrees Ellen began to think that the "Times" was unusually interesting to-day, for her spouse was certainly longer in reading it than on ordinary occa-

sions. She glanced at her watch, it was twenty-five minutes past nine—the omnibus by which her husband always went into town passed the door at the half-hour.

“Robert, dear, do you know the time?”

“Five o’clock,” said Robert, abstractedly.

“I didn’t ask what time you’ll *dine*, dear, but do you know what time it is *now*?”

So saying, she thrust her little Geneva watch (Bob’s own present) under his nose.

“Bless me! dear me!” cried Bob, “I must be off.” And he jumped up, giving Nelly a kiss as he did so, and ran up stairs to put on his coat and get rid of his morning gown. As he came down stairs he gave her another kiss, and ran out of the door to the omnibus, which had just pulled up for him at the gate.

“May I call for you?” cried Nelly.

“No, no! better not to-day,” answered Bob, waving his hand and climbing up to his outside place on the ’bus.

Ellen walked slowly back into the breakfast-room and took up the “Times,” but she found nothing to interest *her*. Then she sat still for a few minutes, and then she burst into tears. They were the first she had shed since her wedding-day; and, unlike lady’s tears in general, they did *not* do her good.

On the contrary, they managed to make her feel unaccountably ill-tempered.

Doubtless, it was very silly, but Nelly could not help it. It was the first time that Robert had gone away without a little chat with her; and the first time he had ever refused her a request. And what a request! only to be allowed to call for him at the office and bring him home. She did it nearly every day—why should she not? why did he refuse to let her do so to-day?

Perhaps he misunderstood her. Oh, no! he heard her plainly enough; he was not reading the "Times" when he gave that answer. It could not be on account of the weather, or he would have said so; besides, it looked fine; she was sure it would not rain. It was very ill-natured of him—very unkind, indeed. What had she done to deserve such treatment? She would not pick him a nosegay to-day, no, she would *not*.

When Mrs. Robert Robertson had got to this point of her reflections she was very much excited indeed—very angry and very indignant. She shed some more tears, and she actually stamped with her foot, which unfortunately came on to the leg of her spaniel, who hereupon yelped horridly for two minutes.

Her dog's troubles diverted her attention from

her own for a short time, and when Nelly returned to them, she felt rather ashamed of her own recent violence, and the shocking thoughts she had indulged about her husband. But, after all, though she quite forgave him, she was sure there could be no *good* reason why she should not call for him—and she should do it. Did she suspect a *bad* one? Ahem! Nelly said “No” to herself, and was quite indignant with herself for asking herself such a question. Nevertheless, Nelly resolved to call for her husband.

The day passed very gloomily, as far as Nelly’s thoughts were concerned. She ordered the dinner as if she did not care whether she had one or not; she took no lunch, only a glass of sherry; she tried to read, but found the book “stupid;” she tried to work, but only pricked her fingers and made false stitches. In short, everything went wrong, everything worried her. Nelly was in an ill-humour.

A little before four o’clock Nelly left the house, got into an omnibus, and made her way to Lincoln’s Inn Fields, where her husband’s offices were. As she approached them she felt nervous. Was she quite right in doing this? was it not an act of disobedience? and why might not “dear Robert” have had a good reason for telling her not to come, though he had no opportunity of explaining it in his hurry?

But what reason *could* he have? There was the

difficulty. And Nelly, like many a better logician, because she could not find a real one, determined that there could be none at all. So her self-examination ended in making her the more satisfied with herself—which is generally a very bad symptom of our mental condition.

Arriving at Bob's offices she knocked at the door, and was admitted by the clerk. We say *the* clerk, for Bob only employed one, and he was a hard-working, shrewd "hobble-de-hoy" of about eighteen.

"Is Mr. Robertson at home, Jennings?" asked Nelly.

"Yes, ma'am," replied Jennings, with a very polite scrape—for he knew her—"but he's particularly engaged, ma'am."

"Oh, indeed; then I'll wait," said Nelly, walking into the clerk's office, and taking a seat.

The clerk jumped on his tall stool, and scraped away with his pen in the most industrious style, and Nelly thought that he was getting through pages of brief sheets. But Jennings's pen was quite dry—there was not a particle of ink in it, and his virgin sheet of "brief" was unsoiled; for Jennings was a great admirer of female beauty, and thinking his master's wife "stunning pretty," he was taking ogre-like looks at her over the desk, while pretending to be hard at work with his pen.

Suddenly Nelly started. Jennings thought she had "twigged him," as he called it, and dived his head so close down to his desk, that his nose almost touched the paper. But Nelly had never observed the clerk at all. What had caused her to start was the sound of a silvery female voice that now smote her ear, in converse with her husband. Nelly's heart beat rather violently.

"Who is with your master?" she asked, in a low tone, but rather abruptly.

"Don't know her name, ma'am. Young lady, ma'am."

"Has she ever been here before?"

"She's always a-coming—every day," answered Jennings.

Nelly's heart beat faster and louder than ever. She was dying for more information, but trembled to ask it.

"Is she—I mean—what is she like?" she asked hesitatingly.

"Like you—something—ma'am," replied the clerk, after a moment's consideration.

"Like me!—how? What do you mean?" asked Nelly, puzzled at the clerk's answer.

"Stunning pretty," said Jennings; and, ashamed at his own audacity, he dug his nose closer than ever down on to his paper.

Nelly was divided between amusement and jealousy ; but the latter was soon the predominating feeling. What did Robert mean by shutting himself up with a pretty girl alone? *Now* she knew why she was not to call and fetch him home. She was a wretched woman—miserable for life. Robert was a brute—a Henry the Eighth—a Grand Turk—a Blue Beard.

She wanted to cry ; but she did not like to do it before the clerk. It would have been a relief to her to scream ; but there was the same reason for not doing so. She was inclined to rush into her husband's room, and upbraid him at once with his perfidy in the presence of his *inamorata* ; but then her natural taste rather revolted at the idea of such a scene as would follow.

At last she determined what to do. She sent Jennings out on an errand that would occupy him about ten minutes. As soon as he was gone she ran to his desk, and seizing a pen and a piece of paper, she wrote—

“PERFIDIOUS MAN,—I have discovered your faithlessness. I hate—I despise—you. Farewell.

“Your lost

“ELLEN.”

She folded the paper up in one of those ingenious

twists that only a lady can accomplish, and, for additional security, she sealed it with her own seal, given to her by Bob, and engraved, "*Sans changer.*" She directed it, "Robert Robertson, Esq.," and left it on the clerk's desk, knowing that he would deliver it to his master. She then—we blush to tell it of her—she then listened at the key-hole of her husband's room. Again she heard the silvery female voice, but could not distinguish the words: she could just hear her husband's voice in reply, but nothing more. She hurried out of the office, called a cab, and mechanically told the driver to drive to her home at Brixton.

No sooner was she seated than it struck her she had done rather a foolish thing. Surely, as an injured wife, she ought to have rushed home to her father and thrown herself into his protection. She laid her hand upon the check-string; but she did not pull it. The truth is, that curiosity prevented her.

She could not endure the thought of not seeing how Bob looked after he had swallowed the dose she had left behind for him. She could not make up her mind to forego the grim satisfaction of beholding his guilty look, his painful hang-dog glance of shame, when he again met his insulted, injured bride. She drove to Brixton.

Half an hour after her arrival at the "dear little villa," Bob returned. Could she believe her ears? Positively he was humming a joyful tune—the tune of one of the duets they were accustomed to sing together!

"Well, Nelly darling," said Bob, entering the drawing-room, and bestowing on her the most affectionate hug and kiss that bridegroom ever gave to his three days' bride.

Nelly extricated herself as speedily as possible and looked indignant. She was half frightened, too, for he *must* be mad to treat her thus after her letter. Bob looked slightly astonished at what he at first imagined to be ill-humour, and afterwards decided to be a bit of serio-comic acting.

Dinner was announced at the moment, and Nelly sailed with a dignified air into the dining room, instead of going with her husband's arm round her waist as usual.

"What the deuce is the matter?" thought Bob, rather frightened however.

The servant was in the room, and so there was no opportunity of inquiring into the matter; but Bob found it impossible to get more than a monosyllabic reply to any question he asked, or any topic he started. At length the cloth was removed and the couple were left alone.

"What's the matter, Nelly?" asked Bob.

"Sir!!" exclaimed Nelly, in a tone that made Bob start and spill his wine. "How *dare* you ask me that question, base man?"

"Are you mad, Nelly?" cried Bob in a fright, and turning quite pale.

"No, sir, I wish I were. I am only a wretched woman, ruined by your wickedness. A good cause you had, indeed, to forbid me to call for you to-day."

"Oh, is *that* it?" asked Bob, in tremendous surprise.

"*That*, sir! is it not enough?"

The servant entered the room at this moment with a letter, just brought by hand, and with an intimation that the bearer was waiting for an answer.

Bob's head was so bewildered that he was obliged to read it twice over before he had the least idea of the words before his eyes. At last he threw it carelessly on the table, and left the room, to go and speak to the messenger.

Nelly could not restrain her curiosity; something told her that the letter in some way concerned her. She caught it up, and read:—

"DEAR SIR,—The clause that you suggested to

my daughter and myself this afternoon, as proper to be inserted in the settlement, has been at once acceded to by Mr. Jones. At what hour shall we attend your office to-morrow?

“Yours very truly,

“THOMAS WALKER.”

She let it fall on the table in the strangest confusion of feeling that can be imagined—hope, doubt, fear, chance!

Bob entered the room.

“Robert,” said Nelly, in a tremulous voice, “did you get my letter?”

“Your letter! What are you talking about?” asked Bob, in surprise.

“The note I left on your clerk’s desk this afternoon.”

“You are talking enigmas. Have you been to the office?”

“Yes; and left a note for Jennings to give you.”

“The deuce! Jennings was out when I came away. I did not see it.”

Nelly was half relieved, but not quite.

“Robert, who was with you at five o’clock to-day?”

“Mr. Walker and his daughter. She is going to

be married, and I am drawing the settlement. But what —— ? ”

“ Oh, Robert ! ” cried Nelly, rushing into his arms, and sobbing dreadfully. It was a long time before Nelly could speak, or tell her tale ; but she did so by degrees, and in broken sentences ; and Bob was shocked, but happy too, and he kissed her again and again ; —— in short, we need not tell an intelligent reader how lovers’ or matrimonial quarrels are set to rights.

“ But let me go to the office with you to-morrow, and tear up that nasty note myself, will you ? ” asked Nelly.

“ Certainly, darling,” said Robert ; and so ended the “ Suspicious Case,” and Nelly’s suspicions for ever.

A HONEYMOON ON THE KAFIR FRONTIER.

KATE STANLEY was a *belle* in the Cape Colony, and she would have been considered one anywhere else. Few prettier faces have I ever seen than Kate's. I shall not describe her, because I doubt my own ability to do justice to her beauty; and because I so often find other men's descriptions of a lovely face produce an impression on my own mind very different from that which they are intended to convey. And so, as I wish the reader to feel really interested in Kate, and to be a true believer in her beauty, I will leave each one to draw a fancy portrait of her in his own imagination.

Kate was well educated; she had natural talent, and, rarer still, natural good taste. It would have been strange if with all these advantages Kate had not had many suitors: but she had more than enough. In England, or in any old country where wealth possesses such undue attractions, Kate's want of fortune might have been an impediment to her matrimonial prospects; but in a colony riches are

not the first consideration. And as every man who has health and industry can live and prosper in his station, the possession of a few hundreds less than his neighbour troubles him but little.

Among the young merchants, and traders, and farmers, and a stray doctor, or lawyer, who sought Kate Stanley's hand, was Walter Campbell, a prosperous sheep-farmer on the Kafir frontier. He was a popular fellow among his own class and among the people he employed, for he was gay, good-humoured, and generous. I don't suppose he ever intentionally wronged a human being; and I don't believe he would have done so even to have secured the hand and heart of the fair Kate herself. And yet there were few things he would *not* have done for such a prize.

However, he had no inducement to do anything rash for such a purpose. Kate learnt to appreciate him for himself. She wavered a little between him and a young Hamilton of the ——— regiment, who was undoubtedly clever, good-looking, and agreeable; but whom she discovered to be a little too fond of *himself*. Walter Campbell, on the other hand, had no tinge of selfishness; and so, by degrees, his devotion to Kate was rewarded by her attachment; and when he asked the momentous question with a voice as tremulous as if his life depended on it, one

might have thought the young gentleman a hypocrite in pretending to doubt the response. But his doubts and fears were genuine. Cupid is blind. All the world could see that Kate loved him, and was ready to say "Yes" on the instant—all but poor Walter Campbell himself, who used to lie awake night after night struggling with the horrors of an anticipated rejection.

He was accepted. The wedding-day was fixed, and the wedding preparations made. And here let me state, for the satisfaction of my lady readers, that white *glacé* silk, and Honiton lace, and orange blossoms, and such indispensable requisites for an English bride, are fully appreciated also in the land of the Hottentots. Even wedding cakes, with their coats of white sugar and their plaster of Paris decorations, and glazed cards tied together with silver thread, and enclosed in glossy envelopes that no one can write on—all these adjuncts to matrimony are duly valued, though the cards may be sent to queer out-of-the way places, and be received by many a grisly fellow with a two months' beard on his face, and a short black pipe in his mouth.

The only defective arrangement is that of the carriages. Truth compels me to confess that in the little town where Kate Stanley was married, there was not such a thing as a carriage at all. The only

vehicle bearing the remotest resemblance to such a convenience was a cart, something like a "White-chapel," with a tent or wagon top to it. It was on springs too—a fact which distinguished it from the rest of the conveyances in this little town. The cart was always borrowed for bridal parties to convey the bride to church. The owner of the cart was quite certain of an invitation to every respectable wedding breakfast that took place; and, indeed, so much was he courted for the sake of his cart, that he was generally asked to give away the bride when the lady had no father of her own. The rest of the party proceeded to the church either on foot or—in ox-wagons!

Such was the arrangement on the occasion of the marriage of Kate Stanley with Walter Campbell. The ceremony over, there was a capital breakfast provided: the champagne corks flew in the customary style; the usual toasts were drunk; the bride retired to doff the lace and the white *glacé*, and to assume a more convenient travelling dress; and then, amidst the blessings of the old, the congratulations of the young, and the hearty good wishes of all, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Campbell took their departure from the little town *en route* to Riet Fontein on the Kafir frontier.

But *how* did they depart? asks the unsatisfied

reader. In a very large wagon, my dear lady, drawn by twelve bullocks, and driven by a Hottentot with a bamboo-handle whip, longer than any fishing rod in the United Kingdom. I dare say the answer sounds very shocking, but it is true: and really I don't see why there should be less poetry in a bullock wagon than in an express train. But the discomfort! again exclaims the reader. Less of that than you imagine. In the first place, can anything be more comfortable, or much more luxurious, than the couch that is slung in the wagon with the pillows to lean against or to recline on? Can anything be cooler in so hot a climate than the gentle draught which passes through the long wagon, while the double canvassed tent (the inner canvas painted) effectually excludes the heat of the sun? Can anything be more convenient than those little boxes which hang around to hold your books, or your reticule, or your sketching materials, or anything you may require for your comfort on the journey? Can anything be more useful than that immense locker in front of you where the driver sits when you choose to let him, filled with all the comforts and all the delicacies required for three meals a day?

The great drawback is the slowness of the pace. But "fast" habits and notions soon forsake you in a

colony. You have no cause for haste. You live as well, and almost as comfortably, on the road as at home; and, provided the scenery be pretty and the weather fine (and you are tolerably sure of both), why should you care for a week on the road?—nay, even a fortnight? At all events, a fortnight elapsed before Riet Fontein—Walter's farm on the frontier—was reached by the young bride and bridegroom. And yet Kate was pleased with the journey; and Walter found it somehow the pleasantest he had ever made.

Kate was delighted with her new abode. It was not very large; but it had room enough for their wants. And then it was so comfortably furnished, and so beautifully situated. It had that rarity in South Africa—a good garden; for, while the soil is suited to all kinds of fruit and vegetables, and nearly every flower will grow without much care or cultivation, the farmers are generally too lazy, or too indifferent, to have a piece of land laid out and fenced in and planted for the purpose. At the back, and to the left of their house, were open plains; to the right was a hill, at the top of which their dwelling stood; and in front of them were deep kloofs (or valleys) of thick, dark forests, and lofty mountains—the Mountains of Kaffraria. It was a magnificent sight to behold the sun rising over these

mountains—to watch his first rays streaming down through the deep, sombre kloofs; or, as he was setting at night, to mark the beautiful red tints on those hills long after he was invisible to the inhabitants of the plain below.

No Kafir war was raging now—there had been peace for three or four years. Many of the Kafirs had even obtained employment as cattle-herds within the colony. Walter Campbell had two of them in his own service. They are good herds, so long as they remain honest; and as they have less love of drink than the coloured races in general, they seldom leave their service after receiving their wages, in order to go and get drunk for a month,—a course very generally adopted by Hottentot servants.

Occasionally an ox was stolen from Walter's farm, and once or twice a horse. He knew very well that Kafirs from across the borders took them; but he could seldom trace them. He had to submit quietly to his losses, as the penalties of a farm so near Kafir-land.

One night, when the young couple had been about a week in the house, they were awakened by the simultaneous barking and howling of all the dogs on the place; and seventy or eighty of these animals are generally to be found on a Cape farm.

"What is it? what can it be?" cried Kate, in alarm.

"Don't be frightened, dear; it is only the wolf, I suppose, in the kraal." The kraals (or enclosures for the cattle and sheep) were some two hundred yards from the house.

"Are you sure?" she asked, as if she were not convinced herself; for no one cares much for the wolf or hyæna, which is cowardly enough when attacked by men. But she thought of more dangerous enemies than wolves:—"Are you sure?"

"Oh, yes, and we will settle *him*," he replied, gaily, as he slipped on a few clothes, and caught up his double-barrelled gun, which was slung against the wall. "Lie still, dearest; I shall soon be back."

Kate listened intently to the noise without. Not only did the dogs bark and howl, but occasionally she heard the sharp cry of pain from some one of them; and she wondered how the wolf could be so persevering and so daring, for it was clear that he must be attacking the dogs.

As soon as Walter was outside his house, he heard sounds which told him it was no wolf, but Kafirs, who had entered his kraals. He ran in the direction of them, shouting to his servants to follow him. The moon was not up yet, and the sky was clouded—it was nearly pitch-dark.

"Holloa!" he shouted at the top of his voice; "who's there?"

"Jan! Piet! Hendrick!" he cried (they were the names of some of his Hottentot servants), for at that moment he distrusted his Kafir herds, and would not call on them.

"Yes, master," was the answer. It came from behind him; so he knew that he was the first in the field. Calling them to follow him, he ran to the kraals.

The bellowing of the cattle, the barking and howling of the dogs, and the shouts of men (for these were now added to the din), increased each moment. By the little light there was, he could distinguish some fifteen or twenty Kafir forms. It was clear that it was a concerted movement to carry off his whole herd. He stopped a moment—took aim at one man's head—fired—and the man dropped dead. At the same instant a sharp whizzing sound struck his ear; he knew that he had only escaped, by an inch or two, death from a well-hurled assegai.

The Hottentots, now gaining a little courage from their master's successful shot, came up to his aid. They fired at the Kafirs, and with good effect, for two were knocked over; but one of the Hottentots immediately after received his *quietus* from an assegai, which pierced right through him. Walter

fired again, and the Hottentots having brought their powder-flasks, he re-loaded, and did further execution. And yet, with wonderful perseverance, and as if cattle were of more consequence to them than life itself, the Kafirs still persisted in driving the oxen out of the kraal, as though no skirmish were going on.

"Charge them!" cried Walter, with impatience. "Follow me, and charge down upon them. Don't let one escape."

His directions, perhaps, might have been followed as he wished, if the Hottentots had been as brave as he; but they are not fond of coming to close quarters with Kafirs. The latter had got all the oxen out of the kraal now, and, shouting and hooting, they were driving them off at a gallop.

"Down on them!" cried Walter, rushing after them at the top of his speed. But alas! it was at a much slower pace that his Hottentots followed their leader. Poor Walter was left almost alone in pursuit of the robbers.

Meanwhile Kate had listened to the frightful noise outside. It could not be a wolf which occasioned all this tumult. Surely she heard strange cries—strange voices. Yes! and now she heard her husband's voice shouting, "Charge them! charge down on them!" She had rushed to the window. She fell

upon her knees, and, burying her face in her hands, she cried in anguish—

“My God, my God! protect him! They are Kafirs!”

Again she heard his voice. She sprung to her feet, and, throwing a dressing-gown round her, she dashed down the stairs, and rushed out through the open door. One instant she paused. Can she hear his voice now? No; but there are the shouts of the Kafirs, and there are the cries of the Hottentots. She runs forward as fast as she can.

“Jan! Piet! where are you? where is your master?” she cries, as she soon overtakes the hesitating Hottentots.

“I not see him, missis; he is gone forward,” answered the Hottentots.

“Oh, cowards!” she screams, in a voice of such anguish that it would penetrate a heart of stone. And she rushes wildly on.

Again she stops—the shouts of the Kafirs are more and more distant and indistinct—they must be entering yonder dense bush. But where is the sound of her husband’s voice? Silent now! O God! Who shall tell the mortal agony of that young bride’s heart, as the fearful thought strikes her?

Where is he? He cannot have followed the Kafirs into the bush alone. He must be wounded, perhaps—

"O Walter, answer, answer me, for the love of Heaven!"

All is still—there is no reply, save in the distant hum from the dense bush beyond. Where is he? The clouds are lazily parting; and from above yon dusky hill the first ray of the moon is streaming. Something is visible now. There is a wild shriek, and Kate rushes forward to the prostrate body of her husband. He is alive; oh, yes—he is alive: but he is faint and senseless from loss of blood which still flows from an assegai wound. "Help! help!"

The Hottentot servants are on the spot at last, and Walter is carried to the house, where he is well tended. The wound is not mortal, and an old Hottentot woman is no bad surgeon: but seldom does Kate enjoy rest till it is healed.

* * * * *

A month has passed.

"I have sold the farm, Kate. We will remove to the eastward."

"Away from this horrible frontier," cried Kate. "Thank God!"

And now, if the honeymoon of the young couple was a troubled one (and never will Kate forget that one night), their wedded life has become all sunshine. May no cloud ever darken it again!

SIR ROGER DUMELT.

A BALLAD OF A VERY SHORT HONEYMOON.

'Twas on the first day
Of the fair month of May,
In times when that season was lively and gay,
Ere railroads and steam led the people astray—
When Repeal agitation,
And income taxation,
And Joe Hume's calculation,
Hadn't puzzled the nation,
And men hadn't patronized aërostation—
'Twas indeed long ago,
As the sequel will show ;
Before *La Jeune France* thought of playing at sailors,
Destroying in embryo many nice tailors ;
Before our " Young England " had burst into life ;
Before a true Turk was content with one wife ;
Before a newspaper existed, or editors ;
Before cousin Jonathan hocuss'd his creditors ;
Before—but, kind reader, excuse an apology,
The fact is, I'm not quite *au fait* at chronology,

And so we'll dive back through long years, and
 emerge in
 The days of Queen Bess, call'd *par excellence*, "Virgin."

Now I've told you the date,
 'Tis as well, p'r'aps to state

Where occur'd the events I am about to relate ;
 For I really can't say I admire much the fashion
 Of sticking a D, with three stars or a dash on.
 It's all very well, if you have to record
 How somebody utter'd some shocking bad word :
 It's all very well, in the *Post* or the *Herald*,
 To tell how Lord G—— fought with Captain
 F**z*****d :

How the fair Lady A——
 Has just run away
 With the young Earl of K——

Or such infamous things as these papers *will*
 say :

But in one who hates scandal, and *only* writes serious
 History, these tricks are wrong and mysterious.

Near Epping there stood,
 By the side of a wood

A mansion, of structure remarkably weighty.

It look'd very old ;

And the people were told

It was built by a knight, in one thousand and
 eighty.

Its builder was one of those Normans, of course,
Whose sole stock in trade was a sword and a horse—
Who, following William the Duke, turn'd their
backs on

Their country, and came here to pillage the Saxon.
(And thus, in *our* days, when a noble has met
With a run of ill luck, and got much into debt,
He packs in his trunk his sole remnants of wealth,
And makes the grand tour—for the good of his
health.

But, alas ! in whatever misfortune he labours,
He can't now-a-days go and rob his weak neighbours ;
Which proves, by the way, that the race is degene-
rate,

Abolishing customs we all ought to venerate.)

“ *Mais revenons
A nos moutons.*”

Let us stick to our tale with a firm resolution ;
For, it must be confess'd,
Of all things to detest
There's nothing so hateful as circumlocution.

In this mansion there dwelt
Sir Roger Dumelt—

A knight of some fifty years old, I should say,
Whose person was not quite as fair as the day ;
He'd a very large moustache, and very small eyes,
And a nose of a really remarkable size ;

It was hook'd, like a parrot,
And red as a carrot ;
While in glory alone,
Near the tip of it, shone

(A thing that at no time much elegance bears in it)
A very large pimple, with three or four hairs in it.
His legs were like barrel-hoops cut into halves,
With very large joints, and with very small calves.

From the top of the crown,
If you measured him down,
To the soles of his feet, you would find that his
height

Verged close upon five feet, but wasn't it quite ;
While, to add to his person an exquisite finish,
His *ventre* was large, and his body was thinnish ;
In fact (though I don't think such sayings are right),
The ladies pronounced him a "horrid old fright."
Still, veracity makes me confess that Sir Roger
Was really a very queer-looking old codger.

With regard to his dealings,
His morals and feelings,
Report had pronounced them by no means correct.
He would tittle and curse,
And do many things worse ;
While his company wasn't at all times select ;
And his butler declared
How one night he'd been scared

By a sight, that he said, made him tremble in
thinking of,

As he took on a tray

A flask of Tokay—

A wine that his master was partial to drinking of,

Sir Roger sat laughing,

And with himsat quaffing

A gentleman dress'd all in black, like a minister,

But having a countenance awfully sinister ;

And as he just shifted his chair, to lean back in it,

He show'd—not a foot, but *a hoof with a crack in it.*

The butler turn'd pale, and the butler felt qualmish ;

He fancied the atmosphere grew rather warmish ;

His breath seem'd determined to stick in his throttle ;

He tried to look calm, and he upset the bottle ;

And, stooping to pick up the bits from the floor,

While Sir Roger was rapping out oaths by the
score,

He trembled, turn'd sick, and he felt his knees fail ;

And he tumbled down flat with a horrible wail,

As he spied, coil'd up under the table, *a tail !*

As to what next occur'd

I never have heard.

Rather late the next morning, the butler recover'd ;

And (though how he got there he never discover'd)

He was stretched on the floor, by the side of his bed,

With a very bad pain at the back of his head.

This, of course, gave the handle
To much wicked scandal ;
And then there's no end to the stories it hatches ;
Some declared, as I've heard,
That the butler averr'd
The room had a strong smell of lucifer matches.
Now, though I don't credit one-half that I hear,
I own that all these things did really look queer ;
And though servants may fancy things are what they
 ain't,
Still, no one *could* fancy Sir Roger a saint.

* * * * *

The sky is bright,
The air is light,
And fragrant with the buds of spring ;
For every bough
Is cluster'd now
With Nature's lovely blossoming ;
And joyful swells,
From village bells,
Of many a chime the merry sound ;
Gay groups are seen
Upon the green,
And mirth and laughter reign around.
And in the warm and balmy air
See all the village maidens fair
Trip lightly in the merry dance,
With simple step and timid glance ;

The village youth in gay attire ;

The flag upon the village spire.

Oh ! why are such scenes never witness'd at present ?

I really should fancy them not so unpleasant,

Provided you have a strong taste for rusticity,

And W—— has not made you sick of simplicity.

The church door now opens, and forth comes a train

Of virgins, all dress'd in pure white—not a stain

Or a wrinkle on one of those dresses is seen,

They've starch'd them so nicely, and wash'd them so
clean.

A string of young men in procession next follow,

The hues of their clothes beating rainbows all hollow.

Each looks rather sheepish ; and each one his hat in

Has got a tremendous rosette of white satin.

But hark to that shout !

What is it about ?

Don't you see that a couple are just coming out ?

There's a lady in white, with a great deal of lace,

With a neat little foot and a passable face ;

An eye very bright, and a figure *piquante* ;

An air very gracious, if not *élégante* ;

While the blushes she vainly endeavours to hide

Proclaim her at once (can you doubt it ?) a *bride*.

And that gay cavalier, in that dashing costume,

With his jewell'd sword hilt and his snowy white
plume ;

His doublet embroidered, his shoe-buckles bright;
His elegant figure—just five feet in height;
His very large moustache, and very small eyes;
And his nose of that really remarkable size,
Whose colour proclaims the Tokay it has smelt—
Behold the gay bridegroom—Sir Roger Dumelt.

Now, throughout all mankind
I never could find
(Nor do I believe the creature's existent)
A man who would dare
To demurely declare
He fancied his actions were always consistent.
I'm not going to analyse
Whence all this *can* arise.
The subject, you'll own, is not over-enticing;
And every remark
Might still leave in the dark
How Sir Roger Dumelt ever ventured on
" splicing."
One night he sat drinking,
And trying at thinking—
A process he found not remarkably easy.
He look'd rather queer;
Indeed, it was clear
He'd a touch of the sorrow which Talfourd calls
" breezy." *

* " Till breezy sorrow comes to ruffle it."—*Ion*.

P'r'aps he thought how each day he was getting so old;
P'r'aps he found that the weather was lately too cold;
P'r'aps he thought for a time of the very bad way
That he lived in ; or p'r'aps he was out of Tokay ;
But whatever the cause was I really can't say.

He twisted and turn'd,
Rubb'd his nose till it burn'd,
Fill'd his flagon up full—
Took a hearty good pull ;

Then giving his leg a tremendous hard pat,
Said, " By Jingo, I'll do it ! I'll marry—that's flat."

" Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat,"

By which, I presume, the philosopher meant that
Your soul when the Fates are resolved on obtaining,
They give you a wife, just to put you in training.
He knew a young girl who was pretty and poor,
And fond of smart dresses ; and so he felt sure
That she'd jump at the chance of espousing a knight;
So he called for the ink, and determined to write.

Whatever he wrote
In that three corner'd note—
If he talk'd about darts,
Alluded to hearts,
Or such tender parts ;
Call'd marriage delightful,
And single life frightful ;

Made playful allusions to money call'd "pin,"
 (Supposing the lady were partial to "tin")—
 What that letter contain'd no one ever has known ;
 Though doubtless the style was a style of his own.
 He was not over handy at using the quill ;
 And the butler, who'd noticed him lately look ill,
 Inferred that Sir Roger was making his will.

The letter was finish'd, and seal'd with a goat,
 And sent by a man in a blue and red coat.
 The lady perused it with eyebrows upraised ;
 Her "pa" and her "ma" too, were no less amazed.
 The latter said, "Well, only think, now ! I never !"
 The former said, "Well, 'pon my soul ! did you
 ever ?"

The young lady titter'd, then burst into tears ;
 (They always *will* do so, the sweet little dears.)
 She'd two or three lovers—she almost repented ;
 But jewels, balls, dresses !—she sigh'd, and consented.

* * * * *

At night, in the mansion and in the great hall,
 Sir Roger and Lady Dumelt gave a ball :
 And all the *élite* of the country were there—
 'Twas expected to be a most splendid affair.
 The walls, which confess'd neither paper nor paint,
 Were hung with ~~devices~~ both novel and quaint ;
 The candles were lighted up (four to the pound) ;
 The floor was swept clean, and the seats were set round ;

The music was raised on a bench in the middle
(Two harps and one drum, with three fifes and a
fiddle);

Refreshments delicious were spread at one end,
More solid than Gunter or Verry would send—
Lordly barons of beef, and huge flagons of ale;
In the centre a peacock, with glorious tail;
Plum-puddings, all deck'd out in flowers and sprigs;
Fat haunches of ven'son, and barbecued pigs;
Roasted capons and ducks, with the puddings call'd
"black;"

Hares and rabbits by dozens, and oceans of sack.
'Twere vain to describe with what vigour they
danced;

How young ladies blush'd, and young gentlemen
glanced;

How Sir Roger behaved like a gay cavalier;
How Lady Dumelt call'd her husband "my dear;"
How many old gentlemen took too much snuff;
How many young sparks tippled more than enough;
How many old ladies cough'd, hiccup'd, and
wheezed;

How many young maidens' fair fingers were squeezed;
How in darken'd recesses strange noises were heard,
Such as ladies' mouths make to a dog or a bird.
Suffice it that all sorts of pleasure went on,
Till some one discover'd *Sir Roger was gone.*

The guests thought it queer, on his first wedding
night,

That Sir Roger should venture to go out of sight ;
While Lady Dumelt thought it wasn't the thing,
So she sent for the butler (she'd no bell to ring).
The butler appear'd, and declared, without doubt,
Not a servant had witness'd Sir Roger go out ;
While one of the lacqueys most solemnly swore
That his exit had never been made *through the door*.
Amazement and horror now glanced from each eye,
And Lady Dumelt said she knew she should die ;
When some one exclaim'd, with more sense than the
rest,

"Let us look for Sir Roger. 'Twill really be best.
We'll go in a body—the butler shall guide ;
And we'll soon bring the old fellow back to his bride."

All murmur'd assent,

And away they all went.

They pass'd through the doorway, and mounted the
stairs,

Some trying in vain to remember their prayers ;
While some youths, addicted to boasting and boozing,
Discover'd their valour reluctantly oozing.

They reach'd the top stair ; and, like fox-hounds at
fault,

Look'd all ways at once, and then came to a halt,

Hush! hark! What a clatter!
What the deuce is the matter?
The butler has seen
Two bright eyes of green;
And the end of a tail, too—black, glossy, and thick;
It was only the cat, though he muttered, “Old Nick!”
They reach’d the blue chamber—Sir Roger’s own
bedroom;
Then turn’d to the left, and went into the red room.
They peep’d in his dressing-room (drawing up *all*
close),
And saw—not Sir Roger, but only his small-clothes;
While one lady fainted away at the sight;
And another said, “Poor thing! she’s laced up so
tight.”
They search’d the white chamber prepared for the
bride,
Who, gazing forlornly, most audibly sigh’d.
They sought high and low, in each corner and hole,
Each room, and each cupboard, but found not a soul.
They look’d in the dustbin, examined the tank,
And saw—the pure liquid Sir Roger ne’er drank;
Then passed through the kitchen, disturbing its
dwellers
(Blackbeetles and turnspits), and peeped in the
cellars.

The doors were wide open; and, oh! what a sight!
I fear that I never shall venture to write
What greeted their eyes on that terrible night;
And you can't form the smallest idea of their fright—
The screaming, the fainting, the cracking of laces;
The glances of horror, the paleness of faces;
You might hear their teeth chatter, and see their
 knees knock,
As if each had received an electrical shock;
While the butler turn'd greenish (he couldn't turn
 more pale).

For there lay Sir Roger—as *dead as a door nail!*

* * * * * *

'Twere vain to tell how, when at length
They found some courage and some strength,
They lifted up and took away
Sir Roger's senseless lump of clay,
How a jury sat on him, and tried
To settle how the deuce he died;
How doctors came and made incisions,
And analysed all his provisions;
And talk'd of liver much inflamed,
And many other queer things named.

One thing was quite certain—he really was dead;
So they gave him a vault and a coffin of lead;
While, in letters of gold, an inscription was seen,
To tell “what a very nice man” he had been.

But how he had died
They could never decide ;
For in spite of conjectures,
Dissections, and lectures,
And old women's stories, and all sorts of trash,
No one ever could tell what had settled his hash !
As for Lady Dumelt,
It is said that she felt
Most deeply bereaved,
And accordingly grieved
So much for two months, that some writers declare
She wept like the fountains in Trafalgar Square ;
When, checking her sorrow, her sobbings, and
swoons,
She married John Smith, of the Heavy Dragoons !

MORAL.

Don't spend all your money on feasting and riot ;
You'll find that you won't thrive at all on such diet.
You'll get a red nose, a complexion like paste ;
You'll crack all your waistcoats, and ruin your
waist.

Next, take my advice—when you're tied up for life,
Take care that you always keep close to your wife ;
Don't drink much Tokay, or she'll call you a brute ;
And don't have a friend *with a crack in his boot !*

AN AGREEABLE SURPRISE,

DURING THE HONEYMOON.

“I MUST have the money, sir, and so that’s all about it!” said Mr. Shears; and he looked like a man who meant what he said.

“Of course you must, my good man, and of course you shall; it’s merely a question of time. You want the money *now*, and I haven’t got it. Now, if you’d just take a bill at a short date; say ——”

“I’d rather not!” cried Shears, cutting him short (cutting being natural to Shears). “I don’t want *your* bill, I want my own—*settled*.”

“Now really you are the most unreasonable man, Mr. Shears! I’ve dealt with you for the last two years ——”

“And paid me nothing,” parenthesised the tailor.

“I’ve introduced you to four customers.”

“Two have cut away, one’s dead, and the other’s bankrupt,” said the tailor again.

“You really ought not to speak so unfeelingly,”

remonstrated his customer. "How could the poor man help dying?"

"He's only a fourth of the damage: how about the other three? But it's no use arguing, Mr. Jessamine—I want my money, as I said; and I'll have my money, or else I'll just go to my lawyer's, and see what *he* can do."

"Now don't, Shears—don't do anything of the kind. I'll tell you exactly what he'll do. He'll charge you six and eightpence for attending you, and three and sixpence for writing a polite note to me: then he'll issue a writ which he won't serve, because I know how to prevent that; and he'll charge you two or three pounds for *that* luxury. In the end, I shall pay your bill, and you will pay the lawyer's; and the one will be almost as heavy as the other. Take my advice; draw on me for a hundred and fifty, as I owe you a hundred and twenty—hand me over thirty pounds, and the matter's settled."

It would pass our descriptive powers to depict the countenance of Mr. Shears when this unblushing proposition was made to him. He opened his mouth and his eyes to their widest extent, let his breath off with the force of a railway-engine whistle, sank into a seat, and exclaimed—

"Well, I'm blowed!" and we really think he must have been, after the exertion.

Mr. Jessamine stood with his back to the fire, and watched him, with a benevolent and persuasive smile on his countenance, playing in the meanwhile with the charms which dangled from his watch-chain.

"You'll do it—eh?" he asked, mildly and trustingly.

"If I do I'm ——." Mr. Shears was choked by his own indignation, and rushed out of the room, and off to his lawyer's.

"What a brute!" soliloquised Mr. Jessamine, when the tailor had departed. "What an insensible brute! Upon my word I believe that the world is entirely changing. To think of a tailor refusing to lend you £30, when you only owe him £120! How dreadfully blind to his own interest—his interest in every sense of the word—for I should not mind allowing him 25 per cent.; and as the bill would be renewed four times in the year, that would just double the claim. Such fellows really are unfit to be tradesmen!"

With this reflection, Mr. Jessamine sank into an easy chair, lighted a cigar, took up *Bell's Life*, and perused a graphic sketch of the last "mill." Having finished this elegant and exciting picture of our civilisation, Mr. Jessamine fell into a brown study. It was not his wont to think much about anything;

but at the present moment he had reached a decided monetary crisis. If Shears had been the only importunate creditor he possessed, his mind would have been very little troubled; but Shears was only a unit among tens, whose joint claims made up a sum with four figures in it, while Mr. Jessamine's available property might be represented by one little circle, thus, —0. We say his *available* property, because he undoubtedly had expectations. Who has not? Did you ever know an extravagant man who had not wonderful prospects? He may have spent all his own money, sold his inheritance, got into debt beyond the means of every relative he has, and, destitute of talents or profession, apparently have nothing but the workhouse staring him in the face; but, rely on it, if you talk to him, you find him firmly impressed with the conviction of his affairs being all right some day, when his grandmother's cousin's only son, who is an old bachelor and very rich, shall die. Certainly that extremely remote relative has never seen him, but what of that? He has no relative of his own, and of course he would not leave his money away from his own blood—though this is precisely what remote relatives are doing every day of their lives—or deaths. However, there is no golden straw so slight or fragile that your spendthrift will not grasp at it, and hold on to it,

and show his entire faith in its strength and firmness, by living and leaning on it till the remote relative has actually died, and bequeathed his fortune to some one else; when he has serious thoughts of trying to upset the will on the ground of insanity—the insanity consisting in not leaving the money to a *vaurien*, whom he never saw, and never heard any good of.

Mr. Jessamine's prospects depended on the capricious will of an old lady, his paternal grand-aunt. This lady *could* leave him a few thousands, and generally seemed likely to do so; but when any new *escapade* of her grand-nephew reached her ears, she invariably opened her desk, took out her will, burnt it, and made a new one—leaving him a legacy of £50, and the rest of her money to an old toady of her own sex, whose chief occupation consisted in collecting all the information she could concerning the evil deeds of Mr. Jessamine. The obnoxious will was preserved till the aunt was pacified—or on the average about two or three months—when that was in turn destroyed, and another in her nephew's favour duly signed and delivered.

At the present moment Mr. Jessamine strongly suspected that one of the “wrong” wills was in force; and, therefore, superadded to his pecuniary troubles in the present, he had the fear of dis-

inheritance in the future. Meanwhile, he had one slight consolation; his respected aunt was in excellent health, so that he fondly hoped she would not "go off the hooks" till he was restored to her favour. We will now give the result of Mr. Jessamine's reflections.

"It's a dreadful sacrifice, but I fear I must make it! 'That it should come to this!' as Hamlet says; but I see no other way—I must get married! I have long foreseen that such might be the miserable end to which my rash career was hurrying me; but I fondly hoped to avert the evil. It can be done no longer. Tailors, bootmakers, horse-dealers, wine-merchants, jewellers, and bill-discounters, all drive me headlong to one point—matrimony! The deuce is, that, so averse have I been to thus immolating myself, I have never marked down an object. I'll be hanged if I know *whom* to marry! It seems wonderfully ridiculous that a fellow like me,"—here he looked in the glass, and seemed extremely well satisfied with the survey,—“should not know what woman to take; but I positively don't. Let me see—I suppose I am personally acquainted with about a thousand marriageable women. Out of these about one-tenth would have *some* money—that reduces the number to one hundred; out of that one hundred, about one-twentieth would have decent

fortunes—therefore, I must know about five eligible women.”

Having finished this piece of calculation he proceeded to recall the names of those among his female friends who were reputed to have fortunes; but he was puzzled to remember which were the really rich ones; as it is well known that every girl with a thousand pounds is called an heiress, and one with ten thousand is suspected of being richer than Miss Burdett Coutts.

His meditations were interrupted by the entrance of his servant, who put into his hands a square-folded, blue-looking letter, fastened with a still wet wafer, and directed to “Arthur Jessamine, Esq.,” in a round, stumpy handwriting.

“Already! Shears is sharp to-day!” he exclaimed, as he opened and read as follows:—

“156, Carey Street, 17th March, 185—.

“SIR,—I am directed by Mr. Thomas Shears to call on you for payment of £121 14s. 9d. Unless the same, with one guinea for my costs, be paid me by twelve o'clock on Thursday next, the 19th inst., I shall issue a writ against you for the same.

“Yours obediently,

“JOHN STYLES.

“Mr. A. Jessamine.”

"Two days' notice to quit, I call that!" said Mr. Jessamine; "and really I'm half inclined to try Boulogne air. No—that won't answer, and Shears knows it won't: the rascal knows I can't afford to do it. I must raise the wind somewhere, and try in the meantime whether I can't get an extension of time. That will depend upon what sort of fellow Styles is. *Nous verrons.*"

Mr. Jessamine put on a quiet waistcoat and a black coat, and went forth to call on the lawyer.

Without being a nervous man, it is quite possible to feel a little want of self-possession when calling on a gentleman who has written to inform you of his legal intentions towards yourself. In the first place he knows you are hard-up—that alone makes you more or less contemptible in the eyes of every one. Next he suspects you to be a rogue—every lawyer does. And lastly, he is not to be "bamboozled" as easily as ordinary mortals. Your little arts, your quiet flattery, your extreme politeness, your assumption of a business-like air, your pretence to regard the thing as a trifle soon settled, all this is thrown away, or very nearly so, on ninety-nine out of every hundred solicitors in the Law List.

Aware of this fact from an extensive personal acquaintance with the race, and from having paid them dozens of similar visits to the present one,

Mr. Jessamine felt just a little trepidation as he pulled the lawyer's office-bell, and the door opened with a click, by means of some mysteriously-concealed wire acting on the latch. Groping his way to the door marked "Clerk's Office," he demanded of a mealy-faced youth whether Mr. Styles was at home, sent in his name, and was ushered into that gentleman's private room.

"Mr. Jessamine, eh? come to pay that little account I wrote about, I suppose?" said Mr. Styles, who was a little, bald-headed, brisk sort of man, all mental and bodily activity combined.

"Not exactly," replied Mr. Jessamine, who assumed an easy air, as much as to say, "We quite understand one another, and you're not so green as to suppose that I'm come to do anything of the sort."

"What then?" asked the lawyer abruptly.

"I want a little further time," said Mr. Jessamine.

"Thought so—on what grounds?"

"I'm going to be married," was the quiet reply.

"Thought so—all the young men that can't pay their tailors' bills *are* going to be married, I find," said the lawyer.

Mr. Jessamine smiled, and looked delighted with the joke. The lawyer was not a bit flattered—so the shot missed.

"May I ask the lady's name? Very rude, I

fear; but you see, in a matter of business, politeness must be thrown aside."

"Ahem! well, really, I don't know that I can exactly—" began Jessamine, hesitating. *Mem.*:— Never hesitate when speaking to a lawyer; if you do, he brings in a verdict against your honesty without further evidence.

"I see," said the lawyer, "you have not yet made up your mind. So many ladies of large fortunes ready to have you, that you really don't know which to accept. I'm right, am I not?"

Jessamine burst out laughing.

"Exactly so," said Mr. Styles, interpreting the laugh as he pleased. "Now, young gentleman, you don't quite expect my client to wait till you have first found a lady of fortune who will have you, and then married her, do you?"

"It will not take above a week or ten days to settle all that," was the quiet reply.

"Indeed!" said the lawyer, almost amazed (for it is not easy to surprise an attorney) at the man's impudence. "If you're married to a woman of fortune within a fortnight, I'll pay the debt myself."

"Done!" cried Jessamine, jumping up.

"What do you mean?" said old Styles.

"I mean *done*; if I'm married to a woman of fortune within a fortnight, you settle old Shears's

bill—it's a bargain, and I'm sure, as a gentleman, you won't try to back out of it."

The lawyer looked rather ashamed of himself. He had allowed himself to be betrayed into a promise that he never meant to make; but "pooh!" "nonsense!" thought he; "I'm quite safe, he can't manage it in a fortnight." So he put on a contented face, repeated the promise, and bowed out Mr. Jessamine.

"He'll pay *that* bill," was the satisfied remark of the dandy as he left Carey Street.

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"I'm very much obliged to you, sir—indeed I am," said a young lady, who looked rather agitated and frightened, to a young man who had just relieved her of an impertinent "gent," that was following and annoying her. The process pursued by her protector was a very simple one; he first trod on the gent's heels so as almost to upset him; when the little wretch turned round in indignation, he quietly observed—

"Yes, *I* did it; and if you don't walk off and cease from annoying that young lady I'll knock your head off, that's all." There was something so very determined in the tone and the look which accompanied the speech, that the "gent," giving a sickly grin, and muttering a faint bravado, did as he

was told, and walked off. The young lady, thus aided, stopped to thank her good friend, who was no other than *our* good friend, Mr. Jessamine.

"I hope you'll take my arm, and let me see you to your home; for really it is not safe for a young lady to walk alone in the streets of London—especially at dusk," said he.

"How shall I ever thank you sufficiently!" she exclaimed, in rather a romantic tone.

"By granting my request," was the reply.

The young lady smiled and took the proffered arm, while Jessamine thought himself a lucky fellow, for his companion was young and pretty.

Jessamine was one of those men who have a superabundance of the small-change of conversation, ready for use at a moment's notice. Learned ladies might pronounce him shallow; slow ones would think him frivolous, and be slightly afraid of him; dull ones would wonder how he could talk so incessantly; but ordinary specimens of the sex—dear, lively, sensible, impassioned, unlearned ones—always pronounced him delightful. The one that now hung on his arm became quite of that opinion; she had never listened to so charming a talker; never seen a more elegant, a more handsome, a more distinguished-looking man. Jessamine was fast adding another to his list of conquests, which was already as long as Cæsar's.

As for the lady herself, he soon discovered her to be extremely romantic, tolerably well educated, and a degree below his own station in society. She was nicely dressed, however, and had a charming voice. Altogether Jessamine was well pleased, and almost regretted the necessity which made him look only for a fortune of money instead of a whole treasury of charms.

Did the lady live in the city? It was a strange place for so romantic a being to inhabit! Yet they were proceeding directly towards Temple Bar. Jessamine was too well-bred to ask impertinent questions; he consoled himself with thinking that time would show him the fair one's abode. "Why did she not take a cab, instead of dragging the poor man such a distance?" asks a spinster of a certain age, who thinks the *incognita's* behaviour scarcely proper. We answer, truly and faithfully, because she preferred a walk, with a handsome and agreeable young man, to a ride in a stuffy hack-cab. This may have been impropriety, but certainly it was good taste.

They turned up Chancery Lane.

"Gracious powers? where *can* she live?" thought Jessamine. "She isn't a Jewess, or I might suspect her of being the daughter of a sheriff's officer!" He shuddered at the very thought.

"You see in what a horrible quarter of the town

"I am compelled to live!" remarked the beauty, in a plaintive tone, apparently guessing his thoughts.

"Do you live in Chancery Lane?" asked Jessamine.

"Not far from it. Is it not shocking—I, who love flowers and green fields, and the face of nature in all her beauty, to be compelled to pass my time in a dull, dark, smoky city like this!"

"A caged skylark," said Jessamine; "but where are you going?" he asked, as they turned into Carey Street.

"It is actually in *this* street that I live!" she replied.

"What number?" he inquired, anxiously.

"No. 156," was the reply.

"And your name—?"

"Styles:—is it not an unpoetical one?"

Jessamine was staggered. . He had promised himself the pleasure of passing a quiet evening with his pretty friend; of being thanked by her parents, and smiled on by herself—in short, of doing a great many things which a man who had to marry a woman of fortune, within a fortnight, should have dismissed from his thoughts altogether. But then Jessamine, like a great many others, had his good points; and could not keep from liking a pretty face, a gentle nature, and a sweet disposition, when

he should have treated these things as so many "springs to catch woodcocks," and having nothing to do with the main point. Here were all his little plans scattered to the winds; he had been protecting, walking with, almost making love to, the daughter of the very attorney that was going to serve him with a writ, unless he were married to a fortune by that day fortnight!

They approached No. 156, and Jessamine held out his hand to bid farewell to his pretty companion.

"I hope you'll come in," she said, urgently. "Indeed, papa will be most happy to thank you for your kindness to his unfortunate child."

"I need no thanks," said Jessamine, hurriedly; "but I must entreat one favour of you."

"What is it?" she asked.

"That you will mention no more of this evening's adventure to your father than you are obliged; and, above all, do not describe my person to him."

She looked surprised.

"One more request; may I write to you?" he said.

Beauty blushed and hung her head; but she was romantic and loved mystery, and so she whispered "Yes," in a very faint tone.

"A thousand thanks! I rely entirely on *both* your promises," cried Jessamine, and lifting his hat,

with a graceful bow, he took leave of the attorney's daughter, and hastened away from the detestable street.

That evening, pretty Amy sat a long while in her chamber before she could remember that it was time to go to bed. Her thoughts were all centred on one object—Mr. Arthur Jessamine. Never had she met any one so engaging, so noble-spirited, so handsome, so clever, and above all, *so mysterious*. There was as much fascination in the last quality as in either of the others; for Amy knew the world only through the medium of poems and novels—at least the world she cared for. Her own domestic circle was limited to a busy father and a cross aunt. Her mother had died in her infancy; alas, for the child that is left to the mercy of the life-storm, without the aid of the only hand that can guide it safely through the tempest!

* * * *

"It's perfectly ridiculous," muttered Arthur Jessamine to himself, as he rose next morning, and lazily made his toilet, "it's perfectly ridiculous to think that I should have tossed about my bed all night, with scarcely a moment of sound sleep; and all from thinking and dreaming incessantly of the pretty face of little Styles! Upon my soul, if I go

on like this, I shall deserve to marry for love, and live on cold meat!"

It was a fact, nevertheless. Mr. Jessamine had been quite unable to drive pretty Amy's face out of his head. The more resolutely determined he was to wipe the remembrance of her from "the table of his memory," the more perversely those dark eyes and jetty ringlets fixed themselves before his mind's eye; the more incessantly the tones of that musical voice vibrated in his ears; the more entirely was he occupied with her picture in every way.

He sat at breakfast, and listlessly sipped his coffee and played with a French roll.

"Let me see—about this woman of fortune. There's Jane Langley—bah! she's so lanky—How different from—hang it! why can't I think of something else? Stay—there's Mary Wormsley—she's rather pretty, and anything but lanky; a little *too* plump if anything, but certainly pretty; but then she's so stupid! How charmingly that little girl did talk last evening! There's Julia Craven—rather a fine girl, not stupid either—but too masculine for my taste; and then her voice! I never heard so musical a voice in my life as ——. Confound my folly! There's Kate Trevelyan—very rich, indeed! I think I *must* call on Kate this very day! she's not exactly handsome, and she stoops so awkwardly.

There are very few girls that walk so gracefully as ——” he stopped abruptly, ran to a side table, spread his desk, took up a scented sheet of note-paper, and began to write:—

“ Since we parted last evening, I have thought of nothing else than yourself. It is rash to avow so much, but I cannot help it. I almost begin to think you are a witch—no, you are too beautiful for that—a fairy, then—who is resolved on plaguing me to death, by fixing my eyes, my heart, my brain, on an object that never—but I am afraid I am writing nonsense, or what you will call such. I am dying to see you again—may I? and when and where? The messenger who brings this is thoroughly trustworthy; he will arrange anything you please. Write—pray write at once to

“ ARTHUR.”

Calling his faithful valet, he entrusted the letter to his care, giving him all necessary hints to enable him to convey the note so that it might reach the hands of Amy, and no other.

“ I wonder what will come of it!” he said, when he had fairly sent it off. “ I never knew a fellow so determined on cutting the throat of his own schemes as I appear to be! Instead of calling on Kate Trevelyan, the heiress, I am scribbling nonsense to Amy Styles, the penniless; instead of marrying a

fortune, and making the attorney pay a tailor's bill, I am making love to his daughter, and running the risk of marrying *her* ! I can't help it: if the devil has fairly taken me under his especial charge, 'he must do what he likes with me."

Bob, the faithful valet, was a clever fellow. He went to Carey Street, and called at one of the public-houses there, where he got into a confidential conversation with the pot-boy, touching No. 156 and its inhabitants, after discovering that No. 156 had its beer from those premises.

"Daughter pretty?" asked Bob. But this was only a bit of curiosity, because Bob had nothing to do with that matter.

"Rayther!" was the reply; which, being accompanied with a wink, meant "very."

"Close watched, I suppose—no followers allowed?"

"Just so."

"A gent I know" (Bob would hardly have been forgiven if his master had heard him call him thus) "wants to get a letter to her—don't mind standing a sov."

"I'll do it," said the pot-boy, eagerly.

"How do I know that?" asked sly Bob.

"Lor' bless you! I keep company with her maid, I do," replied the pot-boy.

Bob had caught the right man, and he was **almost** sorry; for he was nearly as fond of **cunning** as Mr. Dickens's honoured friends, the **detectives**. However, the matter was soon settled, the **letter** conveyed, an answer procured, and Bob returned triumphantly to his master.

Two hours later, Mr. Arthur Jessamine and **Miss Amy Styles** were walking arm-in-arm through the least frequented avenues of Kensington Gardens.

"Do you know, Amy—may I call you Amy?"

No answer, but the slightest possible pressure of his arm, which he returned with a squeeze hard enough to have made her cry.

"Do you know, Amy, that I am a very poor man? I am afraid, too, that I am a very bad one."

"Oh no, oh no!" cried Amy, hastily, and then blushed at her own enthusiasm.

"You are a little angel!" exclaimed Jessamine, who, among all his fashionable friends, had never before met with a perfectly artless, naturally romantic, and yet thoroughly frank-hearted girl. It was like rain falling in a desert—the desert was unused to it, but it drank it in not the less gratefully.

"You are an angel!" he said, "and I—it is no use to deceive you or myself, Amy; but I feel that even already *I love you!*"

How the little hand trembled on his arm as he uttered these words!

"And you, Amy—you?" and he looked into her eyes to know how *she* felt.

The eyes only glanced at him for an instant, but the cheeks were covered with roses, and the tongue uttered not a word. The eloquent silence told all.

"Now listen, Amy: I am a poor man. I am more than that—I am in debt. You know what that is? You would not link your fortunes with mine, would you?"

Again Amy said nothing, but cast one trusting look at him, and gave a little convulsive sob.

"I'm a villain!" cried Jessamine; "upon my soul I am. I have no right to ask the love of such a creature as you are—so good, so beautiful, so noble, so trusting! But, Amy, we should be very poor—except what my aunt would allow us (and that would be very little), we should have nothing to live on. Could you endure poverty?"

"I fear nothing," said Amy, speaking for the first time. Jessamine was more enraptured than ever.

"Your father would never consent to our union, Amy!"

"Why not?"

Jessamine told her the whole history of his interview with her father, which startled her greatly.

"No—he would *not* consent," she said, after a pause.

"And would you—could you—?" he began.

"I am yours—what you ask that shall I do," said Amy, in faint, but firm tones.

We should not think it fair to say how Arthur Jessamine responded to these words, but content ourselves with remarking that there was not a soul in sight of them, and bonnets are worn conveniently *off* the head now-a-days.

When Arthur Jessamine returned home that evening, and recalled the events of the day, he was rather at a loss to realise the idea that he had sworn to love and marry the penniless daughter of a hostile attorney—he who had only known her a day, and who accounted himself one of the most insensible and cold-blooded of mortals. And with such an opinion of himself he might have lived and died, but for an accident. Believe it, good reader, there are many of us whose hearts are like tinder, though the spark may never chance to fall that is to set them alight—and we think they are incapable of warmth!

We are not writing a novel, and so have neither the inclination nor the time to linger over our story. We must therefore pass over the next ten days, though they were crowded with incidents to the lovers, and hasten to conduct our readers to a little

sea-side place on the Welsh coast, where Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Jessamine sat on the beach the morning after their wedding-day. They had not run away to Gretna Green—a clumsy contrivance of our ancestors, seldom resorted to by the present generation. Their banns had been duly published (or muttered) in the church of the parish in which Arthur resided. In that same church they had been privately married, at ten in the morning, and had started off in a hack-cab to the railway station, with only a necessary supply of clothing for their luggage.

“Amy, do you repent?”

Amy nestled close to her husband, linked her arm more closely in his, and glanced with loving reproach into his face.

“Do *you*?” she asked.

“No—no—I never knew, never guessed, what happiness was till now!”

Amy’s eyes filled with tears—tears of overflowing joy.

“You wrote to your father—I must do so now. The sooner the better—don’t you think so?”

She made no opposition; so they sauntered to the little hotel where they lodged, and he wrote as follows:—

“SIR,—Your daughter will have told you of the

step we have taken. As a man of the world, you will of course condemn it; but if you will believe the oath of a libertine, I swear to you to do all in my power to prevent *her* from ever repenting it. We are both penniless; but I have hope and trust, such as I never felt before, that I shall yet live to place your daughter in the position she deserves to occupy. My aunt, I am sure, will assist us; and, while I do not now ask for *your* aid, I trust the day will come when you will not refuse us your favour.

“I am, &c.,

“ARTHUR JESSAMINE.”

The letter was sealed and posted.

“Arthur, how much are you in debt?”

“One thousand one hundred and twenty pounds, dear!” replied Arthur, with a terrible sigh.

“How much was the tailor’s bill?” asked Amy.

“About one hundred and twenty; but why do you ask, little curiosity?”

“That reduces it to one thousand, then,” said Amy, unheeding his remark.

“How so?”

“Because papa must pay *that* bill.”

“Why? You don’t understand; he was only to pay it in case I married within a fortnight a woman of fortune.”

"Just so," said Amy, with a little knowing smile; "am not I one?"

"You are something ten thousand times better!" cried he, rapturously.

"Shall you love me less for having ten thousand pounds?" asked Amy.

"What?"

"Look at that," said Amy, producing from her dressing-case a paper which the perfectly astounded Arthur perceived to be a bank receipt for £10,000 Consols, standing in the name of Amy Styles.

"Amy!" he cried; he could say no more for surprise and bewilderment.

"No one has made us a wedding present, Arthur dear; but *I* make you that one. The money was mine, and it is now yours. Forgive me for concealing the possession of it till now—now that I know how truly you love me for myself alone."

We cannot describe the scene that followed; the reader must imagine it, and will draw the moral also. The first thoroughly disinterested act that Arthur Jessamine did brought him a higher reward than all the cleverness and cunning could ever have procured him—a fond, loving, beautiful, and trusting woman for his wife, and a fortune that made him independent of the world.

It is but fair to add that old Styles was not long

obdurate, and never had cause to regret his leniency in forgiving the runaway match. What troubled him more than all was the fact of his own hastiness having led him into a rash promise, and left him to pay Arthur's tailor's bill.

The venerable aunt is gathered to her grandmothers; and, as Arthur never went astray after marriage, she died with one of the "right" wills in force, and her grand-nephew inherited fifteen thousand pounds.

MY LANDLADY'S HONEYMOON.

Is there any greater evil in the whole world than war? Setting aside the bloodshed and barbarity of the matter, only think what we all pay for it!

If the reader imagines, on reading thus far, that I am one of the "Manchester School," as certain disagreeable people are called, who think cotton and gold more valuable than life and honour, I beg to assure him that he is grievously mistaken. I utterly abhor and repudiate the "Manchester School" and their doctrines; I should be rather pleased than otherwise to hear that they found the times "hard," and that they had accumulated a little less Australian metal lately wherewith to purchase some of the land that they all covet, though they direfully abuse its possessors and its cultivators—until they possess some themselves. I don't mind paying my share of the war taxes; though, if they come in the form of an income-tax, I fear my quota of contribution will be a terribly minute one. I would even fight, if any one would insure my life for the benefit of certain

tender ones depending on it, as I *have* fought before. Nay, I would even undertake to settle the Russian question in single combat with the Czar himself, if he would solemnly promise (though I should like a better security) to be as tightly laced in, puffed and padded, when he came to do battle, as his father used to be at the reviews in England—leaving *me* to select my own costume for the fray.

It is not the money or the danger that I am thinking of when I complain of what we *pay* for war—it is the eternal *bore* that the subject becomes. You sit down to breakfast and take up the “Times.” “Latest Intelligence—by submarine and European telegraph; St. Petersburg—the Czar—Omar Pacha—Austria—progress of the siege—the fleet—soldiers’ wives,” &c.: you cannot get away from the subject, strive as you may. You turn to the parliamentary reports: eternal questions to the ministers by curious people, who want to know all the plans of the Government, which Government very properly decline to tell; for, if they told it to the member for Bumbletown, would not the “Times” tell it to the whole world, including Alexander of Russia himself? You turn your eye over the money-market and city intelligence—nothing but surmises about Austria and Prussia, and “the war” and its effects on the funds. You glance at the police reports—ten to one

you stumble on a case of picking pockets during the departure of the Guards. You look to the advertising columns—half the advertisements are headed “The War”—“Turkey and Russia”—“To officers proceeding,” &c.: shirts, sausages, pistols, pianofortes, telescopes, tea-kettles, hats, penknives, and even books are thus announced.

Even books!—“Aye, there’s the rub.” Nobody reads now, unless it be a work on Turkey by a gentleman never out of the English channel, or something about the Euxine by one who has never been beyond the Nore, or the North Foreland at the utmost; or descriptions of the Baltic, written in May Fair, and compiled from Gazetteers; Sketches of the Bosphorus, made at Brighton; or “Original” Pictures of the Russians in 1853, concocted out of Kohl’s Travels in 1840.. Shall I follow in the stream?—shall I write about the war, or Turkey, or Russia? No—decidedly no! If the reader be not bored to death with the subject, I am. My butcher prates about it; my baker talks to the servant down the area about it; my tailor is eloquent on the matter; my wife orders “The Bargeman of the Bosphorus” from the circulating library; “Punch” is as mad about the war as the dog he depicted with the Czar’s helmet tied to his tail for a tin-kettle; clowns in the ring joke about it; panoramas illus-

trate it; people in omnibuses discuss it with the most marvellous ignorance of history and geography; in fact, the country has become a set of war-bitten maniacs, boring one another to death on the interminable subject. Shall I follow in the stream?—gain I say, no! So, good reader, “lend me your ears,” as Marc Antony says, and I will whisper into them a “Tale of my Landlady.”

Mrs. Buffles, my landlady, is a widow in the prime of life—judging according to the well-known taste of his lamented Majesty George the Fourth. She is rather florid than otherwise, though her widow’s cap (for she *is* a widow, and would not think of leaving off the cap for the world) tones down the exuberance of her colour. *I* call her stout. Mrs. Buffles admits that she is of “full habit;” and certainly (if I may be allowed so bad a pun) her habits look very full indeed when she is in them. The man on the second floor, who is rather coarse, pronounces her the “crummiest old girl he ever reckoned up.” Mrs. Buffles is decidedly stout.

She has a strong partiality for single gentlemen. Not that I mean to breathe the slightest whisper of scandal against the fair fame of my landlady—Shades of Lucretia and St. Ursula forbid it! I merely mean that she is very fond of single gentlemen *as lodgers*. As she very correctly observes,

"they are so easily done for;" while double gentlemen—married men, I mean—are under the special guardianship of their better halves, and want a deal of "doing for." But this taste of Mrs. Buffles for unprotected males has lately received a check, which accounts for the admission of myself and my incumbrances into the bosom of her family, viz., her first floor apartments.

When Mrs. Buffles has any rooms to let, a little ticket to that effect appears in her parlour window. On these occasions should any gentleman chance to knock at the door, and inquire what are the apartments vacant, he is first answered, "I'll call missus," by the excited-looking servant girl, who opens the door in a black net cap, a dirty apron, two streaks of soot on her face, and remarkably red elbows. Before she can call "missus," that lady, who has been listening behind the parlour door, appears in all the gravity of her widow's cap, and observes:—

"They are for a *single* gentleman, sir."

Should the unfortunate applicant chance to be a married man, and still more should he happen to possess a small family, he forthwith feels ashamed of himself in that august presence of chastity, and slinks away, muttering—"Oh; thank you—ah!" and with a melancholy attempt at a smile on his countenance. But should he actually be a bachelor,

he announces the fact as if he had reason to be proud of it, and a smile appears on the landlady's face.

On a recent occasion a gentleman appeared at Mrs. Buffles's door, and made this announcement. He was requested to follow Mrs. Buffles to the first floor. She threw open the door, and waited the effect of what she denominates the "*Cou-deal*," for she is proud of the first floor front. The room has a remarkably gay-looking drugget in imitation of a genuine Brussels. There are several pieces of crocheted and netting on the chairs and sofa, a showy looking-glass over the mantelpiece, and very white curtains in the windows, so that the *ensemble* is striking to a weak-minded bachelor.

"Very good," said the gentleman, who wore a brown wig and green spectacles, a low-crowned hat and buff gaiters, and was altogether peculiar in his style and costume.

"Would you like to see—where—the sleeping apartments?" asked Mrs. Buffles, with a blush; at least it was quite evident from the tone in which Mrs. Buffles spoke that she meant to blush, though her complexion being unfortunately rather florid (as before observed) the blush was unable to make itself specially visible.

"I'll take a look," said the gentleman.

"Jane! show the room," said the landlady to the

red-elbowed servant girl, who did as she was commanded ; for if you suppose that Mrs. Buffles would go into a bed-room with any gentleman in the world, with or without green spectacles and a brown wig, you have formed a very wrong estimate of Mrs. Buffles's character for extreme propriety.

"They'll do," said the gentleman, returning from his survey ; "what's the rent ?"

This was a question Mrs. Buffles never answered directly. She had a dozen little remarks to make first—about plate (albata), linen (calico), and attendance (red-elbowed girl) ; besides firing (a shilling a-day), and boot-cleaning (boot-smearing, properly), &c. Finally, the items had to be reckoned up, and they came to about twenty-five shillings a week, besides the fires.

"That'll do," said the gentleman ; "I'll take 'em."

Here Mrs. Buffles cleared her throat and smiled, and insinuated something about always wanting "references."

"I never give any," says the gentleman ; "won't this do ?"—and he pulled out several bank notes and a little heap of gold, and told her to help herself to a couple of months in advance.

Who could want references from such a gentleman as that ?—Mrs. Buffles was perfectly satisfied.

The gentleman in the green spectacles, brown

wig, and low-crowned hat and buff gaiters came to his newly-engaged rooms that very evening. He gave his name simply, "Mr. Dobbs." He brought no luggage except a small carpet-bag, and he ordered what Mrs. Buffles called "quite an elegant dinner" from a neighbouring tavern, including two dozen of wine from the same place, for all of which he paid immediately, with something very satisfactory in addition for the waiter himself. Mrs. Buffles saw that she had obtained a perfect jewel of a lodger, and only lamented that she had not asked thirty shillings instead of twenty-five for her rooms.

The new lodger was of eccentric habits. He never went out until night-time, though in other respects he appeared to enjoy life greatly. He ate and drank the best of everything that could be procured, and perhaps he occasionally imbibed rather more than was perfectly good for his health. His favourite beverage was rum and water, very hot and very strong. Must we relate how Mrs. Buffles became acquainted with this fact?—as it is important to our tale, we fear we must.

Mrs. Buffles was a lone widow, and Mr. Dobbs a solitary bachelor. No one ever called to see him, and he told the landlady that he never let anybody know where he lived. It naturally occurred that Mrs. Buffles had sometimes to see her lodger on

domestic matters ; whenever she did so, Mr. Dobbs always requested her to take a seat, and made himself so agreeable that Mrs. Buffles used to be terribly surprised at the length of time she had allowed to pass away in the pleasing converse.

On one occasion Mrs. Buffles entered her lodger's room in the evening. He had his green spectacles on as usual ; indeed, the red-elbowed girl believed that he slept in them, and was positive he washed his face in them. He had a bottle of rum on the table and a kettle of boiling water on the fire.

"Take a seat, Mrs. Buffles," said the lodger ; and with a little hesitation she did so.

"Take a glass of rum-and-water, Mrs. Buffles," said the gentleman ; Mrs. Buffles could not think of such a thing ; she never touched anything stronger than tea, and never had since the death of poor B., meaning the departed Mr. Buffles.

"Long dead, ma'am, the old buf—, I mean Mr. Buffles?" asked the lodger.

"Six years," said Mrs. Buffles, with a sigh that actually made the hairs of Mr. Dobbs's brown wig flutter.

"You shouldn't wear weeds now, Mrs. Buffles—for six years," said Mr. Dobbs, in an expostulatory tone.

"Oh! I couldn't think of leaving 'em off," replied the widow, with a grave shake of the head.

"So unbecoming," said the gentleman; "not that they spoil *your* looks, Mrs. Buffles, because that would not be so easily done; but they don't give them a fair chance, you see."

Mrs. Buffles smirked and blushed, and thought what a very nice man Mr. Dobbs was, and she never noticed at all that he was mixing a glass of rum-and-water for her, and never was more surprised than when she found it passed over to her.

"Now, Mr. Dobbs, I'm sure I couldn't drink it!" she exclaimed, but very faintly, after all.

"Oh, yes! you can—only try, just to oblige *me*," replied Dobbs, insinuatingly, and he looked so that Mrs. Buffles cast down her eyes, and thought him really a delightful man.

Looked so!—but what had become of the green spectacles? Mr. Dobbs had actually taken them off while talking to Mrs. Buffles, and displayed a pair of remarkably brilliant, unquiet, grey eyes. What a pity he wears those nasty green spectacles! thought Mrs. Buffles—and with such handsome eyes, too!

The landlady sipped the rum-and-water, and, strong as it was, and hot, she never even winked as she swallowed it, which was remarkable in a lady!

who never drank anything stronger than tea. The rum-and-water was excellent, and Mrs. Buffles confessed it.

"It's the best drink in the world—nothing like it, ma'am. I've drunk it these thirty years, at home and in the West Indies."

"Have you been in foreign parts, sir?" asked Mrs. Buffles, who thought a man who had been in the West Indies something of a lion.

"My estates are in Jamaica," replied Dobbs. "I was born there."

Mrs. Buffles was more than ever delighted with her lodger—he had "estates;" and there's something very imposing in that word, especially when it's uttered by an Irish gentleman with an O' before his name, or a West Indian with no liver.

"You lead a lonely life, Mrs. Buffles," said Mr. Dobbs, after a pause, in a tone of deep sympathy.

The landlady let off another sigh that nearly blew the candles out. When a very stout lady *does* sigh it's remarkably like a momentary hurricane.

"So do I," observed Mr. Dobbs; and he tried a sigh too, but it was a weak one, after the landlady's. Mrs. Buffles looked pityingly towards him. Mr. Dobbs's grey eyes twinkled with a thousand fires. Mrs. Buffles looked down, and thought him a *charming* man.

Each sipped the rum-and-water, and there was silence for a few seconds. The landlady's hand rested on the table; something touched it; she **did** not move; something held it, and gently pressed it; Mrs. Buffles's black bombazine heaved up and down tumultuously above the waist.

"Dear Mrs. Buffles," whispered Dobbs.

Mrs. Buffles thought she should have sunk through the floor, as she afterwards declared.

"*Dear Mrs. Buffles,*" continued the lodger, in the softest of tones, "can you not be induced to throw aside those weeds? Could you not for *my* sake? How lovely you would be in a bridal costume!"

The landlady trembled with emotion, muttered something about fainting, and gave a lurch to one side as if she had determined on falling out of her chair. Dobbs sprang forward and caught her in his arms—how could he do less? But he did a great deal more too, which I need not hint at, further than to mention that little sounds might have been heard like those which young ladies employ to a pet puppy or a canary.

Mrs. Buffles did *not* faint—but she did consent to smile upon the suit of Mr. Dobbs. When she left his room that evening, she could not, for her life, recollect precisely what had taken her there. She dreamt of Dobbs all night, forgot all about the de-

parted B., burnt her widow's cap next morning, and felt herself a happy woman.

Two days afterwards, Mrs. Buffles became Mrs. Dobbs, though the marriage was kept secret at the express desire of the bridegroom.

About twelve o'clock one day, two men called and asked to see the landlady. Mrs. Buffles (as she was still called) begged them to walk into her parlour.

"I believe you've got an old gent lodging here?" said one of the men.

The landlady was rather indignant at her husband being denominated "an old gent," and replied that a middle-aged gentleman lodged on her first floor; and what did they please to want with him?"

"Only just to have a look at him—we're old friends—it's all right," said the man who had spoken, and who tried to look agreeable.

"But Mr. Dobbs never receives visitors," replied the landlady, who recollected that he had declared that he never let his friends know where he lived, and who had just the least fear in the world that the visit might bode ill to her own prospects.

"We really *must* see him," said the man, "and we'd rather do it quietly; but it must be done on way or another." And he spoke in such a mysteriously authoritative tone, that the landlady was

completely awed, and afraid to offer any further opposition.

She led the way to the drawing-room, and threw open the door. Mr. Dobbs was seated in the easy chair, with the newspaper in his hands. When he saw the two men closely following the landlady, he dropped the paper and remained motionless.

"Aha!" cried one of the new-comers, in quite a pleasant and facetious tone. "Aha! so there you are, eh? We've found you at last—couldn't get on without you, nohow." And he grinned and chuckled with evident delight; while the landlady felt greatly relieved, and began to smirk and smile.

Mr. Dobbs sat still: his green "specs" concealed his eyes, but his mouth twitched unpleasantly, and it was with a terrible effort he grunted out—"Who are you, sir?"

"Lor' bless his heart; he don't know us!" cried the facetious man, grinning again.

"That'll do, Tom," cried his companion; "larkin's no use now: we must go to business."

"Certainly," replied Tom; and stepping gravely up to Mr. Dobbs he made him a bow, and saying, "*Allow me, sir,*" he whipped off Mr. Dobbs's spectacles with one hand, and his brown wig with the other.

"What the devil do you mean?" cried Dobbs, trying to look virtuously indignant, but failing grievously; while Mrs. Buffles stared in amaze at seeing, instead of the bald head she expected to behold beneath the wig, a capital head of black curly hair.

"Come, come, Mr. Simmons, *alias* Slippery Bob, *alias* Mr. Dobbs," said the grave man—"No row, if you please, or I just clap on these here: *we* understand each other;" and he produced from his pocket a pair of handcuffs. "You're my prisoner, Mr. Simmons," tapping him gently on the back.

"What authority?" began Dobbs, faintly, while the landlady commenced the usual preparations for hysterics.

"Oh, here's my warrant, all right enough," replied the man, producing a piece of parchment, while the facetious companion quietly whispered to the landlady that "she'd better put them things (hysterics to wit) off a little, as they hadn't no time just then to see her through 'em all properly." Mrs. Buffles muttered "wretch!" while Mr. Dobbs sat down again and began to blubber like a great schoolboy.

"What *does* it all mean?" cried the landlady, adopting the facetious man's advice of putting off the hysterics.

"Smugglin'," was the short reply.

"Has Long Ikey peached?" inquired Mr. Dobbs.

"He has," replied the grave man.

"Then *my* goose is cooked."

"Not a doubt about it," was the consolatory answer.

"I'm afraid Slippery Bob has been and robbed *you*, ma'am," whispered the facetious man, with an air of mock sympathy.

"Robbed *me*!—gracious goodness, *how*?" asked the bride."

"Something *here*," said the man, placing his hand on the left side of his waistcoat, and turning up his eyes like a Little Bethel Preacher in the fifteenth head of his discourse.

"Get along with your impudence!" cried Mrs. Buffles.

"Had capital grog, no doubt," said the man, "prime rum as never paid duty—and plenty of it, eh?"

Thus was Mrs. Buffles's Honeymoon brought to an untimely end; for she discovered that the eccentric Dobbs (a clever smuggler) had already three live wives—so she kept her own secret, resumed the widow's cap, became shy of single gentlemen, and by taking *me* in, let slip into print this story of "My Landlady's Honeymoon."

MANY WAYS OF LIFE.

A TRUE STORY OF A DOUBLE HONEYMOON.

WHAT a very little world we live in! I don't mean that the great globe itself is so exceedingly small, though it is a baby of a planet, certainly, in comparison with some of the other members of the solar system. And, we may remark, if railways are to throw a net-work all over the earth, and locomotives accomplish one hundred and twenty miles an hour, and steamers thirty or forty (as we are promised by the scientific and the speculative), it really seems probable that our sons will exclaim, "What a little world we live in!" in a most literal sense, as a man living in St. Helena, or the Isle of Man, grumbles at the small space of earth he is confined to. The grand tour will consist of half-a-dozen journeys round the globe performed in the course of a year, and the possibility of a trip to the moon will at least be discussed by some learned, or unlearned, society. But we have not arrived at all this just at present, and so we are tolerably contented with the extent of our planet as our abiding place. The "little world" we speak of is the very minute fraction of society to which each of us belongs, and in which each of us plays his part.

Now I can see some bronzed, weather-beaten visage, relaxing into a self-complacent smile, as its owner

reads this assertion, and he mutters, "*You live in a little world, Mr. Author, no doubt, but not we who traverse the ocean, and live in all climates and all countries.*"

It makes but little difference, my good sir. We, too, have knocked about the world a little; slung our hammock in the little merchant-schooner on the Southern ocean; cantered over the pampas of South America; lighted our pipes, and stretched our limbs in the Kafir hut; hunted lions in the South, and been hunted by wolves in the North; sat at rich men's feasts, and shared the buffalo steak of a Bushman; danced in palaces amidst a blaze of light and beauty, and spent nights where female loveliness was as unknown as a petticoat, and where the stars above were the only night-lights to burn in our bed-chamber,—the great wilderness. And yet we say again, what a little world we live in!

For which among us, be he the Cockney stay-at-home, or the world-wide rambler, does not feel his whole being engrossed for the time by the tiny sphere to which he is at the moment *pinned*? The sailor at sea thinks not of the glories of ocean, but of the life around him, in the little cockle-shell where he eats his salt junk, and turns into his wooden box to sleep. What "cookey" will supply for dinner, whether pea-soup or plum-duff, on the morrow, occupies his thoughts far more than any ideas connected with the great "mirror where the Almighty's form glasses itself in tempests." The traveller on the Rocky Mountains, is as much engrossed by the insolence of his guide, or the stupidity of his attendant, as by the wonders of nature around him. And so with all others. The human mind is the same everywhere. Ludgate Hill or the Amazon, makes no essential

difference in its constitution. It cannot remain on the stretch so as to take a large, comprehensive view of the world, "and all which it inhabit." It must work all-engrossed by the petty objects around it, and firmly convinced for the moment that Ludgate Hill or the Amazon is the centre of the universe, and that life beyond it is something too vague to think about.

I am afraid these reflections are rather prosy, and not exactly novel, but, as Solomon wisely observed, "there is nothing new under the sun;" and really I was driven to these cogitations by two meetings of old acquaintances that I have recently had.

"I think I have had the pleasure of meeting you before," said a man with a large pair of black whiskers, and a sun-burnt face, holding out his hand to me the other day.

"Yes,—I believe so,—but——," I stammered, recollecting the face, but without the least idea of the name of the owner of it. I was just at the moment thinking of the last critique on that favourite little article of mine which—but no! I must not *advertise* in "The Honeymoon" without paying accordingly, and putting the notice in the right place. No matter; I was deep in literary reflections. Paternoster Row, the circulating libraries, &c., were just then *my* world. Was the man with the black whiskers and the sun-burnt face an editor? a brother of the quill? a publisher? He didn't bear the remotest resemblance to either of those respectable characters. I "tried back," as sportsmen say, when the dogs have got on a wrong scent. I jumped out of my present world and into one of my former worlds. Was he a lion-hunter, or a bushman, or a rifle-ranger, or a seaman? I had it at last! He *was* a seaman; and I grasped his hand,

and recognised the face of the skipper of the vessel in which, just twelve years ago, I had been cast away on the rocks of the great Cape of Storms.

Twelve years since we had met,—the last time on the shores of the Great Southern Ocean,—and now in Chancery Lane.

The reader must not suppose that I was as long in recollecting my friend as I have been in sketching the current of my thoughts on the occasion. Thought can skim through the main points of even the most adventurous twelve years in as many seconds. And so I had uttered my friend's name, and expressed my delight in meeting him, within about twelve seconds from the time when he first addressed me.

“And what have you been doing these last twelve years?” was the question that each of us asked of the other. It was not so easily answered, however, as asked. What have *you* been doing, my good reader, for the last twelve years? Think! is it not a strange question? Perhaps you have a faint doubt whether it is altogether a pleasant one. Perchance you would not like to recall year by year all your deeds, thoughts, hopes, sufferings. I do not mean to insinuate that you are a wicked fellow; far from it. I will suppose you to be an excellent one, as I certainly ought to think you, if only as *my* reader. But this retrospection is a grim affair after all. What a catalogue of dead hopes it contains! What a sad array of unaccomplished aspirations! What a list of disappointments, of heart-wrings, of self-reproaches! How many a name starts to life in it whose dear representative has long since passed away from the life of reality! It is Hans Christian Andersen who tells us,—I quote from memory, but I do not think I misquote a word,—“Our thoughts, words, and

actions, are bulbs and roots, which we plant in the earth, and many of them we remember full well; but when we come to the end, we turn round and view the whole in their bloom,—and it is heaven and hell that we recognise and own!" Is it not a magnificent idea? Is it not a truth that goes home to our hearts, and one that we may in some sense realise by a retrospection of even twelve years of our past lives?

The captain had little sentiment, and thinking himself no worse than his fellows (a convenient creed that most of us adopt), he had very little objection to sketch his history since we last met, after our little maritime disaster in the Southern Ocean. There was not much that was novel in it: it was the ordinary life of a merchant seaman, interspersed with a little love affair, and winding up like a three volume novel with marriage. Still it was quite evident that the captain thought his adventures some of the most important in the world, and his mode of life far more remarkable than any other mode of life.

How different it was from my own! While he had been traversing the ocean, I had been rambling over Southern Africa: while he was taking in cargoes at Valparaiso, I had been devouring dinners in the Temple, and diving into the mysteries of the laws we Britons are so proud of: while he was negotiating the purchase of "a tight little brig," on his own account, I had been driving my pen for the entertainment of the readers of "Bentley's Miscellany." Doubtless he thought mine a tame existence compared with his; while to me, on the contrary, *his* appeared all monotonous, and my own ever-changing and exciting.

Two or three days afterwards I found myself face to face in Regent Street with a man whom I recognized in an instant, though I had not seen him for fifteen years. He knew me also, though I had been but a school-boy when last he saw me, for he was the ex-usher of the school where fifteen years ago, I had been cramming into my brains the sense of my first Greek play—the *Œdipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles. Talk of forgetting our classics, indeed! Who forgets his first Greek play? I may forget Euclid, or the multiplication table, the Latin Grammar, or my French Verbs—but never while the powers of memory remain at all will the

Ω τέκνα Κρόνου του παλαι νεα τροφή,

be forgotten by me. How tough it was! and yet how I liked it! And how the melody of the stately dialogue, and of the varied, beautiful, deliciously puzzling choruses seems to ring in my ears at this very moment! Not that I ever read it now. I could enjoy Homer or Sophocles in the wilderness, but Horace is more companionable in this busy city.

My ex-usher had, of course, lived in *his* world: and how perfectly distinct it was from that of my friend the skipper, or from my own! The only thing in common with ours that it possessed was the inevitable wind-up of a story—the marriage. Did any one ever meet a man after a separation from him of ten or a dozen years without finding him a married man? It seems that the moment he got out of reach of our influence, he straightway rushed at matrimony. I never meet such a man without mentally saying, "I wonder whether that fellow would have married if we had remained together as of old."

Rather a silly question, perchance, and one which his wife would receive with a self-satisfied smile—as if anything *could* have protected him against *her* fascinations, indeed!

There was also another point of resemblance in the histories of my two friends—both had, to a certain extent, attained the objects of their ambition. One had got a ship, and the other a school, of his own. Here I was left behind: my ambition—but what will the reader care about that? or who would give a fig to hear the very indefinite heart-yearnings of a poor *litterateur*? I have a story to tell, and all that I have hitherto said has been merely the introduction to it. Do not be alarmed, good reader, the story shall not be much longer than the preliminary chapter.

Some years ago, there were two brothers of very opposite dispositions. One was a quiet, steady, studious youth, and a bit of a book-worm. The other was a hot-headed, good-hearted fellow, who hated study and loved fun. It also happened that he loved something else—*videlicet*, a very pretty girl, with light hair and blue eyes, a sweet voice, and an angelic temper. Now it seemed as if she was just formed to correct the errors into which the *brusquerie* of Master Harry Johnson's nature was likely to plunge him. But alas! for the perverseness of the sex! She could not be induced to bestow her heart on Harry. Her fancy wandered in another direction. Sober, steady, brother William—he of the bookish propensities—was said to have made more impression on Lucy's heart than fiery, impetuous brother Harry.

Certainly if I had had the management of such a case, I should have insisted on Lucy marrying Harry, and I should have provided William with a rather

"fast" young lady for a spouse—one suspected of a strong *penchant* for polkas, pic-nics, and an occasional gallop after the harriers. "Sweets to the sweet" is wrong in some sense. A little acid improves the flavour of everything, from punch and wild-duck sauce to courtship and matrimony. Such a love-making as that of William and Lucy must have been like an over-ripe fig—sickly from the excess of its saccharine flavour—while if Harry should only fall in with a girl moulded after his own disposition, a double dose of cayenne to the hottest currie ever concocted in Hindostan would be mild in comparison with the fire of their mutual enthusiasm.

But I had *not* the management of the affair at all. Indeed I was, about the time referred to, trying hard to manage the construing of Cæsar's Commentaries, and the Fables of Phædrus, at the academy of the Rev. Dionysius Dunderhead, D.D. And so it came to pass that Harry Johnson was rejected by Lucy, and William, the book-worm, gradually awoke to the consciousness that *he* was loved by Lucy, and had a strong prepossession in favour of the damsel himself.

Having been rejected, Henry's first idea was to shoot something or somebody. He first selected himself for this honour; but soon relinquished the idea, for two reasons—first, because a man never commits that act when he *thinks* about it; and, secondly, because Harry had been brought up a Christian, and had all a Christian's horror of suicide, when the first burst of grief and passion had evaporated. This last reason equally prevented him from shooting any one else: and, indeed, against his brother he could not bear to entertain resentment, for he loved him, and owned that he was blameless here. If the girl *would* fancy herself in love with his book-worm brother, it was not his brother's fault;

and the very idea of his brother making love to Lucy seemed so absurd, that he laughed in spite of his ill humour.

Abandoning the shooting project for want of a target, he resolved to go to sea. What a miserable set of dogs sailors ought to be, considering the vast proportion of them that have rushed to the ocean as a relief from the pangs of a broken heart. And yet the fellows are, according to my experience, about the merriest in the world. Will any philosopher explain this moral phenomenon?

Harry had no money, beyond a few pounds. But he was not to be thwarted by such trifling considerations as these. He shipped himself before the mast, on board a brig bound for South America, leaving his brother to console himself for his departure with the possession of Lucy, who, however, was as poor as the two brothers, so that Master William saw little prospect of being able to wind up his saccharine courtship with marriage, within any definite period to which an unromantic mind could venture to look forward.

Away went Harry over the ocean, delighted at first to tear himself from the scene of his disappointed hopes; but cooling down a little in his enthusiasm for his new profession, as the daily hardships, discomforts, and unpleasant companionship of the fore-castle became less and less endurable. However, he had plenty of spirit and courage: he had chosen his own course, and he knew he must follow it. He learnt his duty, and did it; and became a good seaman in half the time that landsmen usually take to learn the profession.

Now as I am only writing a true history, and not inventing a tale, I cannot be considered responsible for the faults or inconsistencies of the characters in

it. Therefore it is not for me to explain how it was that Harry never wrote home to his brother or his father—whom, by the way, neither of the sons much respected—and he had no mother alive. I can merely state the fact that he cut himself off from his few relatives and his country most completely.

There was a little romance about the earlier part of his new career, which I may just sketch in this place. At New Orleans (to which port he afterwards sailed) he was seized by Yellow Jack, as the sailors call the yellow fever. He was taken to the hospital, for he was too ill to continue the voyage in his ship; and here he was laid up for a long time. At length he got better, though his strength returned but slowly, till he was pronounced "cured" by the doctors, and once more looked about him, thinking and wondering whither he should bend his steps. For a while he felt a disgust for the sea; and yet he knew that he was fit for little else. Still he determined to amuse himself on shore for a short time. He had a little money now, as the captain of his ship, being obliged to leave him behind, had paid all the wages due to him, and kindly added a couple of sovereigns more from his own purse.

Harry first purchased a good gun, and then made his way by steamer to some of the far-off and half-civilized settlements in the west. He was a tolerable shot, and so he managed to supply himself with food well enough. The lodgings were less comfortable, being generally in the open air day and night. One evening he came upon a hut which he found to be deserted. He collected a little fuel—not much, for he was very weary, being still rather enfeebled by his late disease. He kindled a little fire—cooked a bird that he had shot, and ate it, lighted his pipe and smoked it—and fell asleep.

When he awoke, or as he was half a-wake, the embers of his fire were burning dimly, and he had a little trouble in recollecting where he was. A slight sound attracted his attention; and, to his surprise, he saw an extraordinary figure squatting before the fire, smoking a short black pipe, and regarding him with a fixed and placid countenance.

"A spirit!" exclaimed Harry, a little bit alarmed.

"No," said the figure quietly.

"He speaks English, at all events," thought Harry, rather amused at the literal denial that had been given to his words.

"Who are you?" he cried.

"A hunter," was the reply. "Who are you?"

"A sailor," answered Harry, as briefly as the other.

"Then what brings you here?" was the next question.

"Well, I'm not sure that I know exactly," replied Harry, raising himself to a sitting posture, and feeling confident now that his first sense of distrust had worn off; for he fancied that there was something so frank and straightforward in his queer-looking acquaintance that he had no more fears about him. And he at once told the story of his illness, and his fit of rambling which had come over him.

"Come with me," said the hunter; "you look ill; my daughter shall nurse you."

Harry was duly grateful, and accepted the offer at once — wondering what sort of a damsel the daughter of such a queer old stick might be. A few hours later, they set off together; and a ten days' journey brought them to the hunter's dwelling.

I warned the reader that I could not help the peccadilloes of those who figure in this little true story. And so I again beg him or *her*,—for it is

the ladies I dread here,—to remember that it is no fault of mine that Harry exclaimed, — almost loud enough for the hunter to hear it,—“What a beautiful creature!” when he saw the daughter who was to be his nurse; and that at the same moment Lucy’s light hair, and blue eyes, were utterly forgotten, as he gazed on the flashing orbs and raven locks of Ruth.

Six months was Harry Johnson the guest of the old hunter and his beautiful daughter. Never had he been so puzzled as by the latter. She actually could not read or write; and yet her manners were as refined, her diction as free from vulgarity, her carriage as graceful, as those of the best bred, and best educated woman he had ever met. She was a child of nature. She had no mother. She had no companions. And yet she had poetry in her, such as the children of civilization rarely possess.

Need I tell the reader how Harry fell madly in love with the beautiful Ruth? How he went extraordinary journeys to get paltry books only to teach her to read? and how her quickness startled him so that he almost thought her a witch? How they at last read Milton, and the Bible, and Byron, even, together.

A strange old fellow was the hunter. He refused to give his daughter to Harry, because, although Harry promised to settle down in that very spot as a hunter for the rest of his existence, he would not believe him. He felt sure that he would ramble back to civilization, and he hated and cursed *that*.

Harry could not stay where he was, and yet not call Ruth his; and Ruth would not disobey her father; for she loved and honoured him. It was her religion,—the only religion she had been taught, poor child, till Harry knew her.

He bade farewell to his entertainers, miserable for the second time, and again took to the sea. For three years he knocked about the world; and yet, strange to relate, he could not *this* time dispel his love-sickness. So completely had Ruth wound herself round his heart, that he could not draw her thence; and, at last, he determined to seek out the hunter's dwelling again, and make a "last appeal" to him for his daughter.

He reached the old spot; but the hut was deserted. He was half distracted with the fear that father and daughter were dead, or had quitted the country, and that he should be unable to track them. After seeking in every direction, (and who shall tell the days he spent, and the miles he travelled in doing so?) he learnt the truth,—that the father was dead, and the daughter gone to New Orleans to *seek him*.

A detective policeman in search of a clever run-away felon, is somnolent in comparison with the increasing vigilance of poor Harry in seeking out his lost ladye-love. He found her! but not till he had followed her to London, where three weeks ago—oh! unromantic conclusion—Ruth, the wild child of Nature, became Mrs. Johnson!

We have left poor bookworm Willy in the lurch all this time. He, too, had his struggles in the race of life, but his sorrows and his trials would be considered too common place and earthy to chronicle after those of his brother. The conclusion of this little story shall tell all that the reader can care to know about him.

I love to bring opposite characters together. Punch and salad are perhaps the most fascinating of things to drink and eat. Their charm consists in the *cunning admixture* of ingredients possessing the most opposite flavours. Just so with society. When

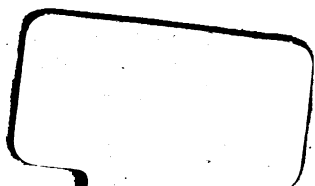
a certain great novelist and humourist exclaimed of a certain fashionable lady's *soirée*, "*Quelle salade!*" though he meant to be satirical, he, in my opinion, paid a high compliment to the tact and discrimination of his hostess.

Acting on this idea, I invited my old usher and old skipper to dine with me on the same day; and as I am a family man, I, of course, requested the company of their brides. The *dénouement* which followed this invitation, will be anticipated by the reader who has gone through this little history, though it was quite unexpected by myself, who had only thought it rather amusing that I should have two Mr. and Mrs. Johnsons of such entirely different characters and callings to dine with me on the same day; and little imagined that in my old usher and my old skipper I should bring together (and during their honeymoon too,) two long separated brothers,—William the bookworm, and Harry the hot-headed and flighty.

Yet so it was; and the mutual confidences that ensued, and the little adventures and sketches of our past days that we told in the course of the evening, showed how many are the ways of life, and what a little world each of us for the time lives in. They showed something more; how strangely each of us had attained happiness through the very opposite paths from those whence we originally expected to derive it, so that our very "misfortunes" had been but the keys which opened the gates to future welfare. Struggling blindly as we all are,—

"There is a Providence that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them as we may!"





THE LIFE OF
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